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## "The SKETCH" COMPETITION FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

(*See page 438*)

TOKEN 69

# The Sketch

No. 2432—Vol. CLXXXVII. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1939. ONE SHILLING.

## WITH HER HUSBAND IN THE CRISIS: THE QUEEN RETURNS.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, *like any other devoted wife, naturally wished to be by her husband's side throughout the grave and anxious days of last week. She left Balmoral for London on Monday night, August 28, and joined the King, who has been at Buckingham Palace since August 24, having left Balmoral on Wednesday evening, August 23. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret remained in Scotland, and it was announced officially that her Majesty's visit to London was only to be of short duration. Our photograph shows her driving to Buckingham Palace from Euston after her night journey.*

B

# MOTLEY NOTES.

## By ALAN KEMP.

### COURAGE.

THERE is a dramatic poem of Robert Browning—not very well known, I think—which relates an incident in the life of Lord Clive: and it is said to be a piece of genuine biography. I learned the poem long ago, as a boy—I don't know why, but there was something about it which fired the juvenile imagination; and I am afraid that there may have been an ulterior motive, the awful and sinister motive of recitation, which in those days, was a grave social scourge. For some reason, Browning's lines, and the incident which they record, come back to me at this moment. Since these hastily indited words may not appear in print for some little time, I should explain that I am writing at a moment when the fate of the whole world trembles in the balance, and when no thinking creature can escape anxiety and troubled speculation.

Clive, in his latter days, when there were no more worlds for him to conquer, "went downhill," as the phrase is, and took to drugs. Browning's poem is put in the mouth of a friend who is dining with the great but declining soldier; seeing boredom and melancholy stealing over Clive, he tries to shake him out of his apathy by a rousing question. "Tell me," he says, "*when were you most brave?*"

> . . . "Clive told me once, I want to say,
> Which deed, out of all those famous doings, bore the bell away—
> In his own calm estimation, mark you, not the mob's rough guess;
> Which stood foremost as evincing what Clive called courageousness."

Clive's answer startles his friend. "I can't tell you," he says, "when I felt most courage, but I *can* tell you when I felt most fear!" The friend is highly amused. Clive afraid! Absurd, impossible! "You shall judge for yourself," says Clive grimly; and tells his story, which might be entitled "The Bully Outfaced." When he was an obscure clerk in India, he used to gamble "in a circle where the company was choice"—military men who despised and patronised him, but were quite ready to win his "hard-earned guineas." One night he detected a particularly blustersome "scarlet son of Mars" flagrantly cheating. He accused the offender publicly; and all the other sons of Mars insisted upon an immediate duel with pistols. Clive, in his excitement, fired prematurely, and was at the mercy of his opponent. "Up marched Sir Cocky, with a grin," and ordered the beggarly clerk to his knees, on pain of having his brains blown out.

That was the moment at which Clive shuddered even when he recalled it from the distant past. But he did not sink to his knees; he looked Sir Cocky straight in the eyes and said this:

> "Cheat you did, and knew you cheated, and this moment know as well!
> As for me, my homely breeding bids you fire and go to hell!"

And what was Cocky's answer?

> "Twice the muzzle touched my forehead—heavy barrel, flurried wrist,
> Either spoils a steady lifting—thrice! Then: 'Laugh at hell who list!
> God 's no fable, either! Did that boy's eyes blink once? No!
> There 's no standing him and God and hell, all three together—so, I did cheat!'"

And out he rushed—and all the astonished sons of Mars congratulated Mr. Clive on the fact that, "though a clerk," he had behaved "just as would become a soldier." But it had been a very bad moment; and because it was a very bad moment, it was a very brave moment.

We are not all Clives, but every Englishman who is true to his race has something of Clive in him. When we see cheating and harshness and bullying, we denounce it, and are prepared to accept any challenge which may follow. If the pistol is pointed, our homely breeding bids the Scarlet Son of Mars fire and go to hell. "God 's no fable, either," and we have a powerful conviction that anybody who laughs at us and God and hell, "all three together," is not going to laugh very long. And we have certain advantages over Clive. We have not fired our pistol prematurely, and we do not want to fire it at all unless we are compelled to; but there is a steady hand gripping it, and the aim will be true and well-timed, if need be. The muzzle does not touch our forehead, but even if it did, homely breeding would still tell us what to say and how to act. There is a Spanish proverb: "Better to die on your feet than live on your knees."

I have recalled the story of Clive partly because it provides one of the best examples I know of the way to deal with bullies, and partly because it illustrates a paradox which is not always sufficiently appreciated. "What Clive called courageousness" was a moment when, of all moments in his life, he felt most fear. Now, anybody who can contemplate a world-war without dread and horror is either a fool or a self-deceiver. I don't know which is the more contemptible type—the whiner who shrinks abjectly from an ordeal (the most ordinary life is full of ordeals!), or the fire-eating braggart who pretends to laugh all fear to scorn. The history of our country does not show that we have ever trembled before the most crucial test, even when our whole national existence has been threatened, as has happened to us about once a century in the last four hundred years; and there will be no tremor now, any more than there was before Philip of Spain, or Louis or Napoleon of France, or William of Germany. He is but an ass, however, who can regard modern warfare without dismay: and I think there can be very few such asses alive, at all events among the rank and file of humanity. It is not one's own insignificant life and lot that matter. Two things matter, one material and the other spiritual: the tumbling down of a world, and man's tragic failure to govern his passions by his reason. It needs more courage to face the moral shock of those calamities than to face anything which may happen to oneself.

What is the sort of courage which counts—and wins? Many of my readers, like myself, for four years of war saw the common man being constantly tested by danger and hardship. For myself, I was amazed at his reserves of endurance; and I formed a very definite opinion of the real quality of courage. I never had much respect for the man who "did not know what fear was"—he was often selfish, unimaginative and a wanton danger to others; but I profoundly respected the many men I knew who just "stuck it," day after day, quietly going about their duty to the very end of their strength—not fearless, but masters of their fear.

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Natural-colour photographs are eligible for the Competition.

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1. Every Competitor must be a *bona-fide* AMATEUR photographer.
2. The Competitor's name and address and the title of the photograph must be written in ink in BLOCK LETTERS on the back of each print (or on the mounts of Colour transparencies), together with the following information: Name of camera; make of film or plate; exposure details.
3. Photographs submitted must be the property of the entrant.
4. Photographs already published elsewhere are ineligible for this Competition.
5. Prints which may be unsuccessful in winning prizes may be returned to the sender if the appropriate postage is remitted, but no liability is accepted by the proprietors of "THE SKETCH" for loss or damage to prints.
6. A "Token" (on page 2 of Cover) clipped from this issue, must accompany all photographs submitted for competition. ONE "Token" is valid either for one photograph or for a set of photographs not exceeding twelve in number if submitted together.
7. Each winner of the prize of TEN POUNDS for "The Best Amateur Photograph of the Week" must send the original negative (or Colour transparency), which, with the copyright, will become the property of "THE SKETCH," and the payment of the prize-money shall be regarded as a copyright fee.

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**32-34, St. Bride Street, London, England, E.C.4.**

BRISTLEWOOD BACK - CHAT.

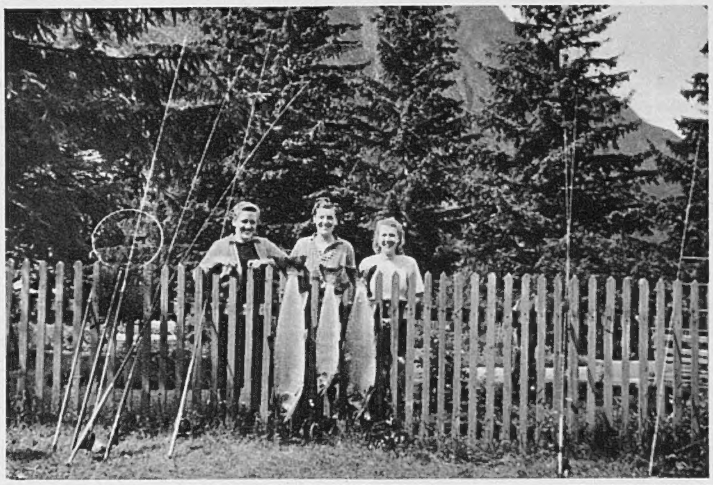
MRS. BRISTLEWOOD : *" Ahem ! "*

MR. BRISTLEWOOD : *" More hot water, please."*

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

# "WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

RECENTLY I heard an interesting story from a friend in Bath. Returning from a fishless day after roach, a well-known Bath angler met a youngster who had been fishing at Keynsham, where the River Chew runs into the Avon. Responding to an inquiry as to whether he had had any luck, the lad replied that he had caught one good one—about six pounds! Scarcely crediting his ears, the angler asked if he could see the fish. Imagine his astonishment when the lad produced a salmon which weighed not 6 lb., but 8 lb. 14 oz. My friend has never heard of a salmon being caught in the Bristol Avon prior to this capture. Even more surprising is the fact that it was not caught on a worm, but on paste, and as the boy had no landing net he had just hung on until the fish gave in, and then lifted it out by hand. That is one of the attractions of angling: it is so full of surprises. There is another good example reported in an American paper which another friend kindly sent to me. Al Cagle, of Eldorado, Illinois, was out fishing with his wife and son. Mrs. Cagle, for fun, baited her husband's hook with a fish's tail while he was not looking. Thoroughly enjoying the surprise she had prepared for him, Mrs. Cagle watched her husband wind in his line. There was a surprise all right, for just as the tail neared the surface, it was seized by a black bass of 8 lb. 7½ oz. As a result of his wife's little joke, Mr. Cagle has a good chance of becoming champion bass fisherman for Illinois in 1939. Just one more "fishy tail" for the sceptics to snort at.



*This delightful snapshot shows* MRS. T. ROSE RICHARDS, MRS. IAN ELLIOT, *and the* HON. MRS. HILEY BATHURST *posed with three fine salmon caught in Norway. The largest fish weighed 31 lb.*

**How the Irish Tunny was Caught.** My Waterville correspondent, Mr. Frank Casey, has sent me some particulars of the capture of the nearly 400-lb. tunny in Brandon Bay, Co. Kerry, by Mr. John J. Brick, as recorded last week. It appears that Mr. Brick was in a curragh or canoe with four other men, and was hand-line fishing with a whole mackerel as bait when the tunny struck. There was no question of playing the tunny as it just towed the curragh about. Fortunately, the sea was calm, and after five hours the tunny was sufficiently exhausted to enable Mr. Brick to pull close enough for another member of the party to kill the tunny by hitting it on the head with a club. After that they towed it ashore. With these particulars I am better able to appreciate the following comment in Mr. Slattery's letter, part of which I quoted last week: "From what my son told me of its capture, it is sheer madness to go after them in curraghs or canoes." I fancy the curragh, though wonderfully seaworthy, is too narrow in the beam for its length to be at all suitable for tunny fishing. However, Mr. Casey informs me that boats are available, and motor-boats could be obtained if required. As large numbers of tunny visit Brandon Bay every year and are close inshore at times, this would appear to be a good place for tunny anglers to try.

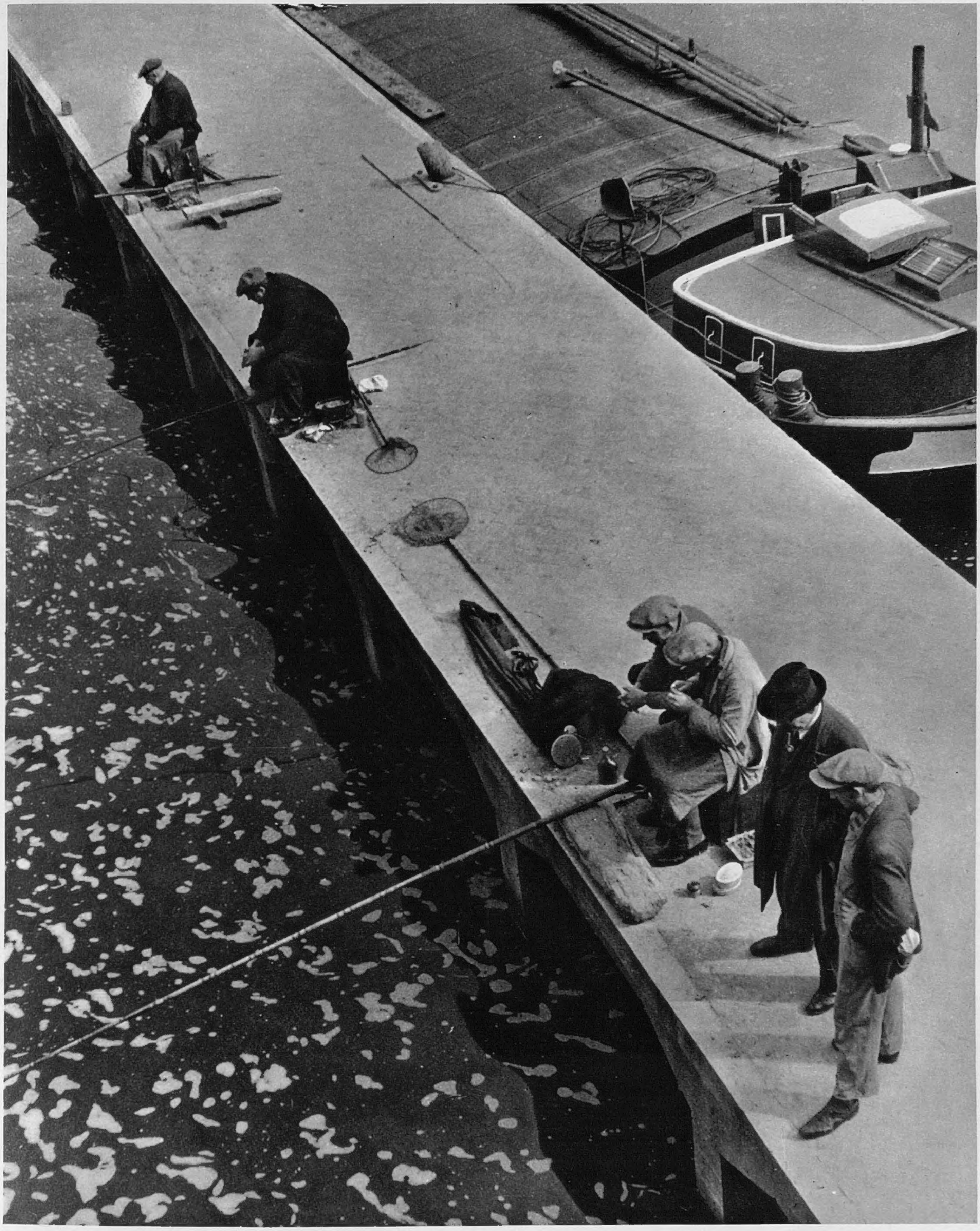
**Sport with Small Tunny.** Possibly the Brandon Bay tunny run in size nearer to those caught off Copenhagen than off the Yorkshire coast. Mr. Harold Hardy tells me that Prince Axel caught one tunny off Copenhagen towards the end of July, and it weighed under 300 lb., like the majority of fish taken there. At Scarborough the average weight some seasons is nearer 500 lb., and the first five fish this season, landed by an Australian angler, Mr. A. Hordern, averaged over 650 lb. Many anglers consider that the best sport is obtained with the smaller fish, even with the baby tunnies of 25 lb. or less. A new and fairly accessible centre in Europe for this type of fishing has been discovered recently in the Gulf of Lyons. Mr. and Mrs. Gurlein informed Mr. Hardy that in five days' fishing they caught 43 small tunny up to 25 lb. in weight. These were taken on feather lures about 40 miles off the coast and gave great sport. I gathered that occasional fish up to 100 lb. are found in this part of the Mediterranean, but the general run of tunny range under 30 lb.

**An Unexpected Capture.** Tragedies in the fish world probably occur very frequently, though it seldom happens that anglers view the victims of such happenings. I have seen a few examples of fish being choked by trying to swallow too large a mouthful, and also many photographs of such cases. One of these—a photograph taken by Mr. J. Arthur Hutton—was a particularly arresting picture. It showed a large eel which had met its end by attempting to swallow a smaller eel, and the latter worked its tail and the greater part of its body through the large eel's gills and both had succumbed. I believe this manœuvre of a captured eel, whether accidental or otherwise, is not an uncommon cause of death to predatory fish which have the temerity to seize an eel tail first. An interesting instance of this is furnished by a recent experience of Mr. J. Milner, of Southport. Filling in time while waiting for dusk to fish for sea trout, Mr. Milner cast out a dead minnow mounted on a Stewart tackle, and laid the rod down. Presently his friend warned him that his rod had moved. He picked it up and reeled in, to find a 1-lb. brown trout with a 10-in. eel protruding through its gills. The trout had seized the eel after the latter had swallowed the minnow, and in its frantic efforts to escape, the eel had poked its tail through the trout's gills and choked it. Nevertheless, the fact remains that trout do swallow eels, for I remember an angler hooking a trout and landing a half-digested eel. The hook on the bait had caught in the trout's last meal and extracted it bodily.

R. L. MARSTON.

MR. JOHN N. LAMPSON *caught this magnificent 65-lb.* SALMON *on the River Sand, in Norway, in June. The smaller fish is a 25-lb.* SALMON *killed on the same day by Mrs. Lampson. This snapshot makes an interesting comparison with our photograph of Mr. M. W. Casterton Smelt with the 53-pounder which he caught on the Stjordal River, Norway, published in our issue of August 9.*

*The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.*



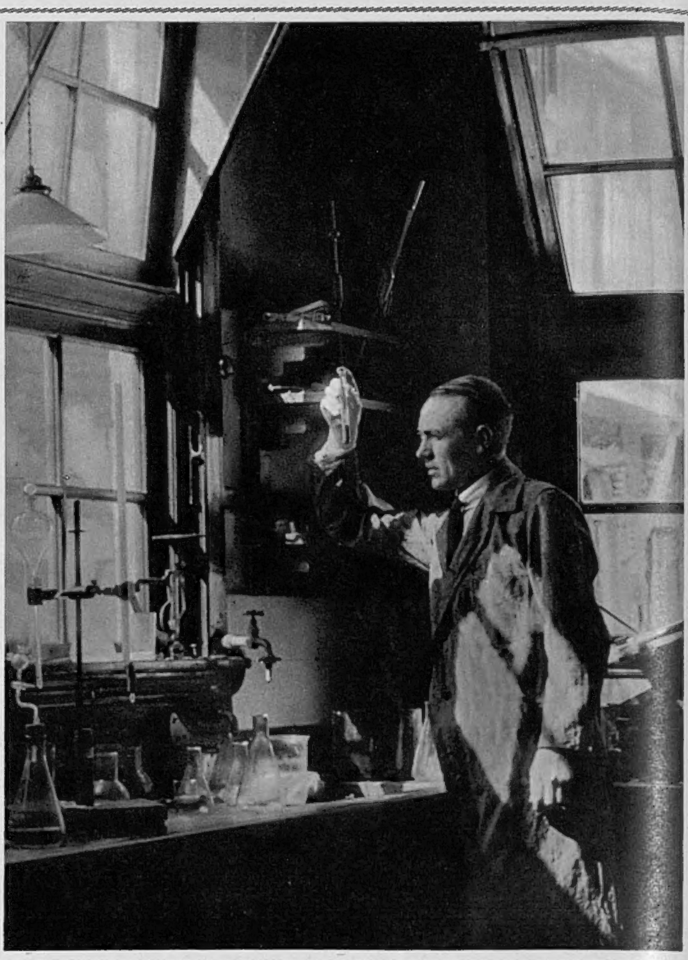
"PATIENCE": OUR SIXTY-SEVENTH FIRST-PRIZE WINNER.—A.P.C.

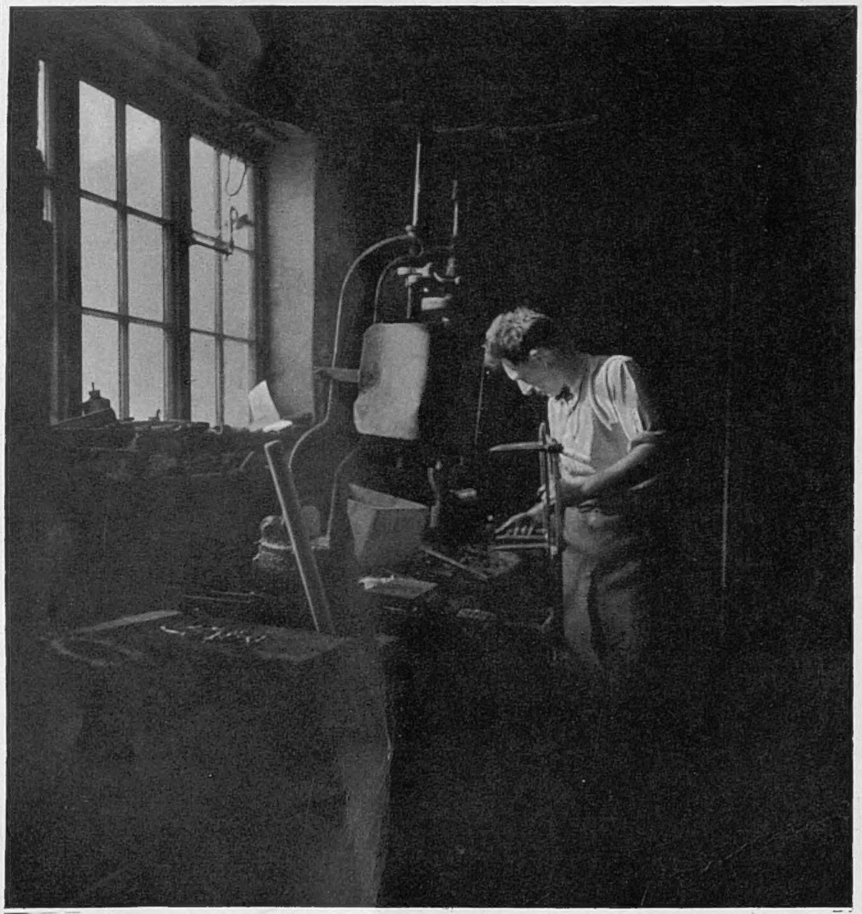
*This amusing study of patient, concentrated anglers, seated on a jetty waiting hopefully for a bite, has been awarded the sixty-seventh first prize in our* AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS' COMPETITION. *It was taken with a Voigtlander Superb camera. Film: Selo. Exposure: 1-100th second at f.5.6.*

c

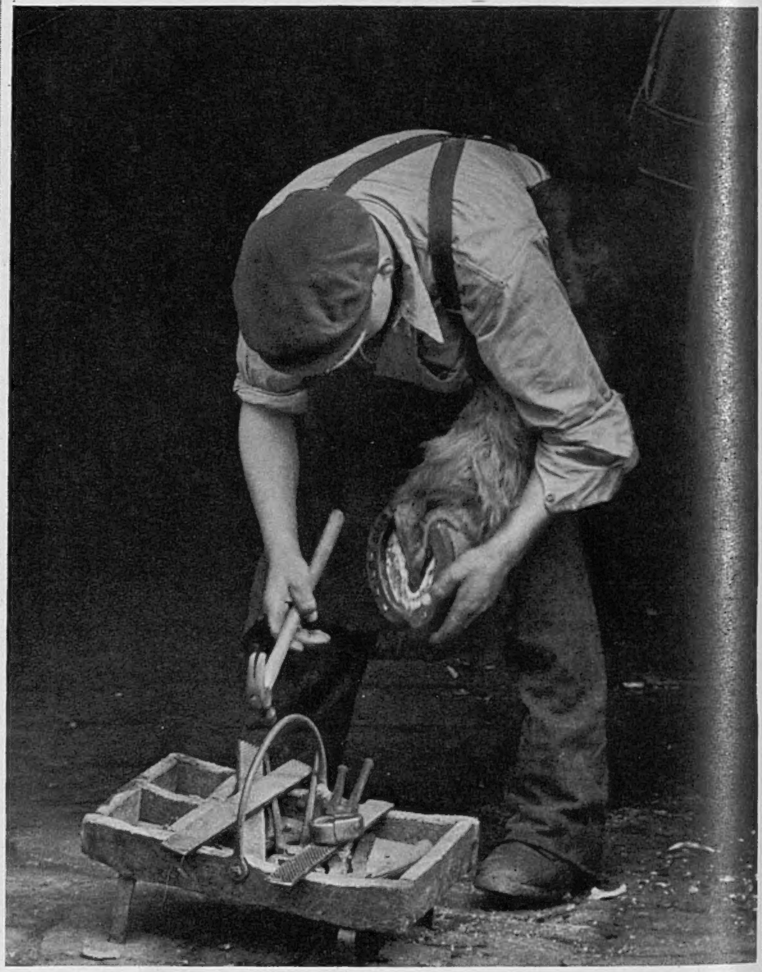
*Left :*
" GRANNY WINDING BOBBINS " ; *by Dr. P. H. Lulham. Taken with a Kodak camera. Film : Selo. Exposure : 1-50th second at f.8.*

*Right :*
" AND NOW LET US SEE . . ." ; *by Walter MacEwen. Taken with a Rolleicord camera. Film Kodak. Exposure : 1-25th second at f.8.*





" THE BENCH " ; *by Captain J. V. Tree. Taken with a Reflex Korelle camera. Film : Agfa. Exposure : 1-25th second at f.2.8.*



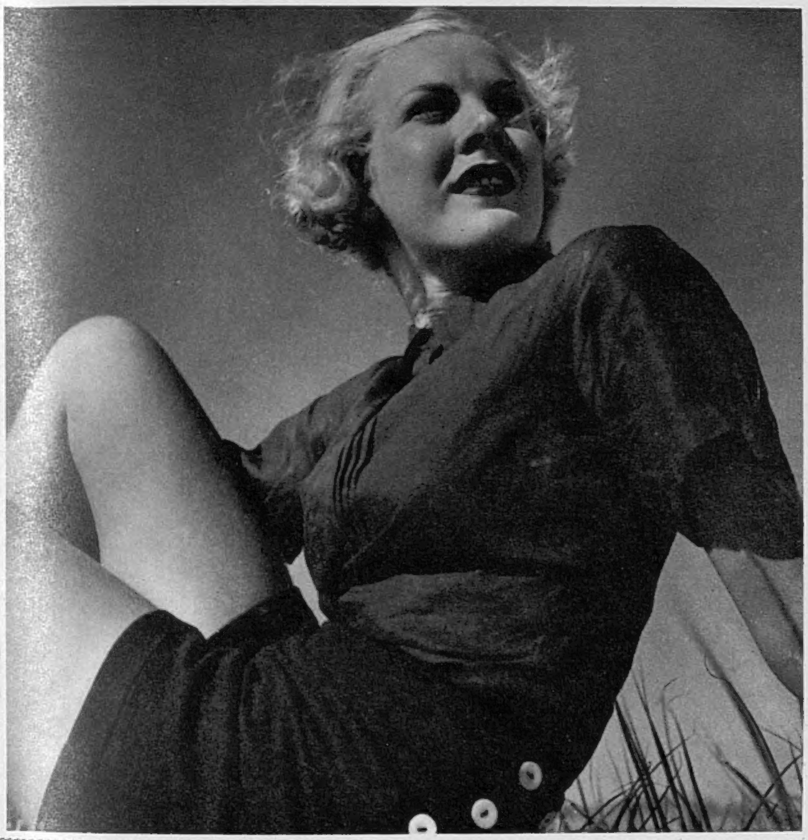
" RE-TREAD " ; *by Mr. Ernest A. Fordham, A.R.P.S. Taken with a Reflex Korelle camera. Film : Barnet. Exposure : 1-25th second at f.6.3.*

# SKILLED AND BUSY HANDS.—A.P.C.

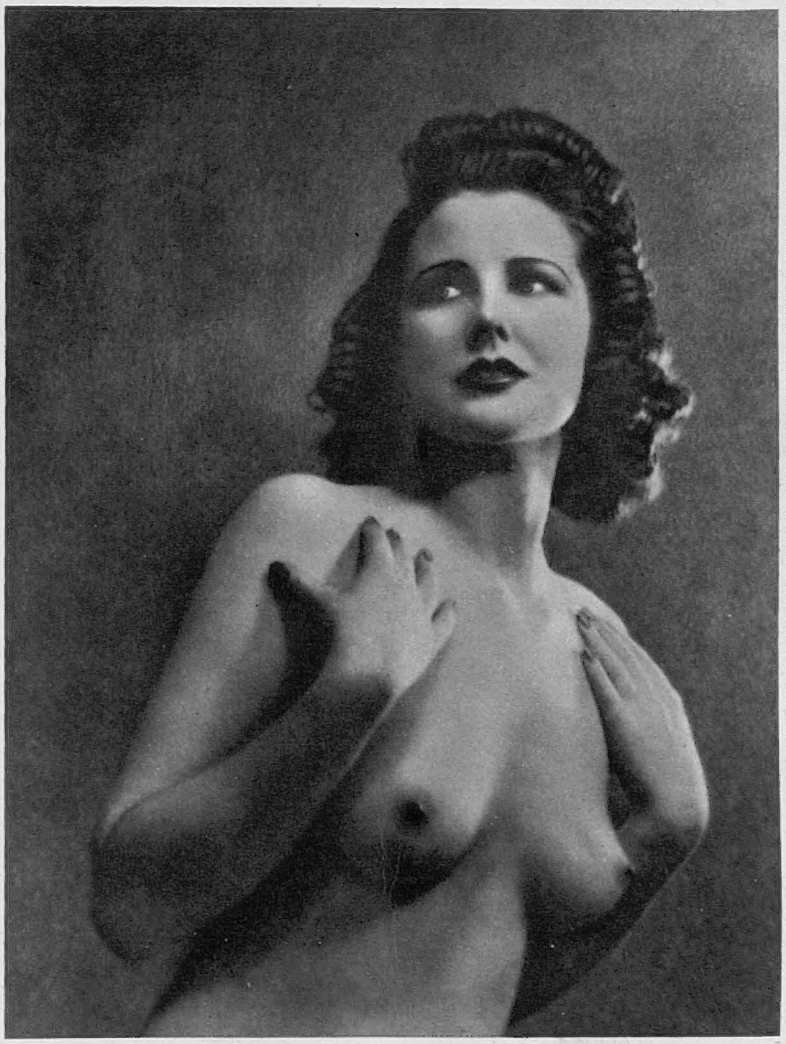
**The pictorial side of skilled handcrafts and trades is illustrated by these runner-up prizewinners in our AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS' COMPETITION. The old woman winding bobbins, the blacksmith at his forge, the engineer at his bench, and the chemist in his laboratory, have all provided admirable subjects.**

" THE SHOWER "; *by Mr. John Cole. Taken with a Rolleiflex camera. Film: Kodak. Exposure: 1-50th second at f.8.*

" SMILING YOUTH "; *by Mr. Albert Ogden. Taken with a Quarter-plate Reflex camera. Film: Kodak. Exposure: 1-25th second at f.5.6.*



" SUN-KISSED BLONDE "; *by Mr. W. G. Buckle. Taken with a Rolleicord camera. Film: Agfa. Exposure: 1-25th second at f.5.6.*



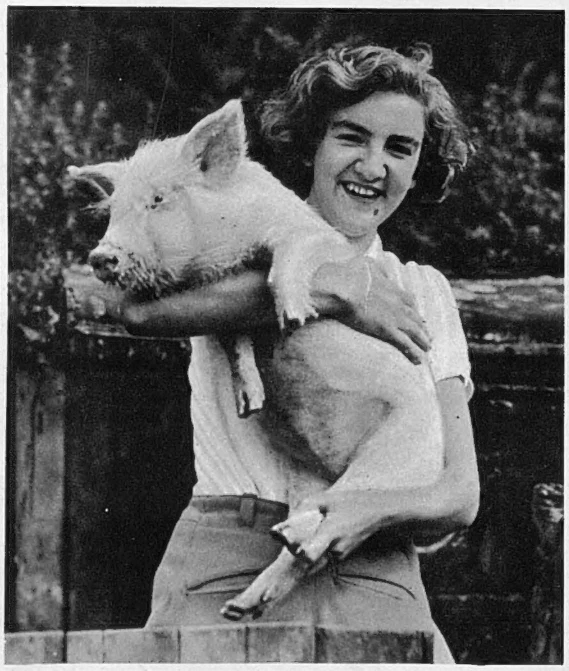
" BRUNETTE "; *by Dr. Omar Khairat. Taken with a Contax camera. Film: Agfa. Exposure: one half-second at f.2.*

# SHIVER AND SMILE.—A.P.C.

These studies—three of smiling and beautiful young girls, and one of an attractive shivering one—have been awarded runner-up prizes in our AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS' COMPETITION. The grace of the smiling poses recalls classic statuary; and the gay good-humour of the bathing girl breathes the holiday spirit.

# LAWN TENNIS GIRL FOR THE LAND.

MISS ROSEMARY THOMAS, *the eighteen-year-old lawn tennis star who won the Women's Singles Cup at the New Malden Lawn Tennis Tournament in 1938 and defended her title last week, has decided to join the Land Army in order to do her bit in preparation for a National Emergency. These dramatic photographs of her at work learning to drive a tractor, wield a hay-fork, handle a pig and balance a couple of buckets, were taken at a farm near Tunbridge Wells, where she has been staying for instruction.*



PORTRAIT STUDY BY YEVONDE.

# DAUGHTER OF THE FOREIGN SECRETARY.

*The* COUNTESS OF FEVERSHAM *is the only daughter of Viscount Halifax, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and one of the men at the helm of the ship of State in this grave time. His well-balanced and nobly phrased statements on the situation delivered in the House of Lords have been closely followed by men and women in every country. Lady Feversham is the County Organiser for the Women's Voluntary Service for the North Riding, a highly important and responsible post. She is the wife of the third Earl, and was married in 1936.*

# TALES WITH A STING.

## THIRTEEN.

By URSULA BLOOM.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

"I ALWAYS say as how you can't go on tempting Providence," said Mrs. Bowler as she stood at the lych-gate of the little church. She had come to watch the funeral: there was nothing she liked as much as a good funeral. "The lady always said as how thirteen was their lucky number, and thirteen hasn't been nobody's lucky number never." And she shut her large mouth like a trap.

Her friend, Mrs. Ainstey, was the more angular type, thin, tall, with teeth that wobbled perilously, set into too pink wax gums; but she preferred her thinness to Mrs. Bowler's roundness, because you always paid more for outsize in shops, and when you were O.O.S. it was likely to become expensive. Mrs. Ainstey had to be particular about money, because in her district when she "did" for people she only got ninepence an hour, while in Mrs. Bowler's more classy neighbourhood you could get as much as one-and-two.

Mrs. Bowler was a lucky woman, always had been; it had been her idea to come funeral-gazing. "It 'll be a nice funeral," Mrs. Bowler had said; "classy, and all that."

After all, there was something about a funeral which came on top of an inquest which did give it distinction. It ran above the ordinary rut of funerals.

"I came to see their wedding at this here very church," said Mrs. Bowler. "A pretty wedding it was, too. Thirteen bridesmaids, and I said to myself 'That don't mean no good of.' And married on a Friday! They said then as how she set store by the number thirteen, believed as how it was lucky to her; well, she knows different now he 's dead! Bridesmaids in pink, too: old maid's flare-up, some says, but I 'm partial to a bit of pink myself. I think it looks bright: blue is always sort of mournful, but pink is gay. But they had green sashes. Green sashes, believe it or not!"

"Green 's not lucky," said Mrs. Ainstey.

"That it never is. It never brought anybody any luck, and I always says wear a green dress and you 'll be in a black 'un before very long! The bride wore a sort of a greeny-white frock, too, and she carried big boughs of leaves. They all carried leaves, you know, it being the spring, but I thought to myself that it looked sort of cheap. There 's nothing like lilies for a bride and a nice bunch of sweet peas for the bridesmaids. I said to myself when I see that there wedding, 'They 'll never have no luck, not if my name is Daisy Bowler,' and it 's Daisy Bowler right enough."

"But it 's a beautiful funeral," said Mrs. Ainstey, watching it as it went on into the church. A beautiful funeral was immensely satisfying, and she did hope that she would never be buried by the parish. She could die happily if she thought that she would have a funeral of this sort, she knew.

"Yes, that funeral must be a mint of comfort to her," Mrs. Bowler looked after it yearningly. "Having everything done so nice, and such a sight of flowers, too, though I never think that coloured flowers look very well at funerals; not mournful enough, really. I wouldn't like to think that anybody ever sent me coloured flowers: it would spoil everything for me. Bury me with them big white lilies, I always says. Give me big white lilies, and I 'll rest in peace. Lilies always look so good." She paused, thinking of it with pleasant apprehension. "I had a lady friend who did for them, you know."

"Did you now?" asked Mrs. Ainstey, and wondered if they paid ninepence or one-and-two. You could always assess people by what they paid.

"Quite nice people, she said, wanting their own way a good bit at first, but she soon got them out of that. He was a very pleasant gentleman, she said, always joking and laughing, and fond of a bit of fun. She was quiet, never seemed to be so pleased when he was larky. If you ask me he was fond of a drop. Well, I happen to know that he was, but never got unpleasant with it, you know, just very cheerful, and very generous with his money and that, so my friend said."

Mrs. Ainstey suffered at home from a husband who was also fond of his cups, and displayed undue generosity to impecunious and rascally friends when he was slightly under the weather. She felt a certain sympathy with to-day's widow, now installed inside the little church whose spire rose so pleasantly from amongst the green trees, tossing their first golden curls of autumn. She felt that she ought to say something sympathetic. "I did hear that they was up to their eyes in debt," she said, "but then, them larky gentlemen often are."

Mrs. Bowler was all for the gentleman who had died rather suddenly and had given the whole neighbourhood the glory of an inquest and a couple of columns in the local paper. "There was a bit of bother occasionally," she said, "but he was always fair to my friend. Wages on the dot, and very generous. But every time that he helped her out with a trifle it seemed to make the lady that wild! Straight off the deep end she 'd go, and then he 'd say things to her, and there 'd be a proper old how-d'you-do. They had the bailiffs in once, and he got out of the library window and went off and got properly squiffed, and came back and sang carols outside his own house. Said he must do something to earn his living and this was what they had driven him to. He said that when she got on to him."

"So," said Mrs. Ainsty, "she did get on to him!"

She had got on to her own husband so often that she realised the futility of it. It never did any good—never would, yet it was something that you couldn't stop doing.

"She didn't 'arf," said Mrs. Bowler, becoming more confidential. "She didn't hold with him carrying on the way that he did, and she was always saying so. He was one of those gentlemen born to enjoy hisself and have a good time. He used to go racing, too; was always going to make a packet there, but never did. She didn't take to that either. Then she started being mean in the house, too. The way she carried on when she found that my friend was taking the dripping home was something awful. Perks, I call that. Never been in a place yet where they grumbled if you helped yourself to a bit of dripping, but some folks are born stingy! She said that they 'd be wanting all the dripping themselves, and stopped buying butter and ate the dripping. You should have heard what he said when he found out. My friend nearly burst her sides with laughing. 'No butter?' he said. 'I 'll be getting you butter!' he said, and he went out and bought enough to stock a shop. It went rancid on them afore they could eat it. The next morning the grocer comes up and says there 'd been a bit of a mistake about that butter, and he 'd like to see the colour of his money. The gent just sat back and laughed—laughed fit to burst, my friend said, but then, he was like that. Always so jolly!"

The wind blew the trees, and a golden leaf tumbled into the pathway along which the funeral had passed and into the little grey porch beyond. The crowd stood about discussing matters. Mrs. Ainstey felt a curious sympathy with the widow when she thought of her Mr. Ainstey at home who was just such a jolly fellow, and left his wife to settle the bills with an empty purse, and accused her of nagging if she reproached him.

"I don't see as how it was very nice for that there lady," said Mrs. Ainstey, showing a large expanse of too healthy-looking pink wax gum.

"She was always so mean, always so stingy," said Daisy Bowler with conviction. "They wasn't suited to one another, and it was that what brought about the end. He got mad with her one day and said that on her principle they never had nothing, never got nothing, and never did nothing. He had got sick of it. He went off and never came home for a couple of days, and when he did he had that there sports car with him. Where he 'd got it she didn't know. A high-powered car it was, and he brought it up with a rattle to the door and got out and laughed. He said then, 'You ought to like it, my dear; the number is 113. It 'll bring you a spot of luck, let 's hope,' and thought that no end funny. Poor man! Nobody ought never to go with a car that number. I told my friend I 'd have walked my feet off my body before I 'd have travelled in it. With that number on it, of course. Asking for trouble, I says."

[Continued on page vi.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

# "MISS SKETCH" KEEPS A DIARY.

## "MISS SKETCH'S" DIARY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26.

*It was neither frivolity nor ostrich-like refusal to recognise gravity of situation which allowed me to enjoy ROYAL CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB'S REGATTA AT BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH, but just good, old-fashioned common sense. My emergency Voluntary Service instructions in my handbag let me feel at liberty to revel in lovely weather, and George, being in same conscience-clear state, squired me, after we had made mutual non-Aggression pact in respect of asking no questions about the prospects of World Peace !*

*Naturally there were a good many enforced absentees at Regatta, which was held in perfect weather with steady south-west breeze. Winner in the Corinthian One-Design Class, which turned out the largest fleet, was 53 seconds ahead, but there was thrilling struggle for second prize, which went eventually to Mr. W. Ritchie's "Coral Nymph" by only half a second from Miss Newhouse's "Cork." Corinthian also held their championship for the International 12-Square Metre Class which brought entries from Southend. A fine race for this event, won by Mr. T. Kemsley with "Houri."*

*A general view during the race for the 12-Square Metre British Championship Trophy.*

MRS. ROY MITCHELL, *daughter-in-law of the Commodore; with* MR. W. L. PEGLER.

LT.-COLONEL H. D. MOORE, *the secretary,* MRS. H. D. MOORE, *and* MRS. JACK MOORE.

MR. WARMINGTON SMYTH, MISS PAGE *and* MR. *and* MRS. N. WARMINGTON SMYTH.

MISS NADINA NEWHOUSE *and* MR. PAT OGILVIE.

The SERGEANT-AT-ARMS *with* LADY FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

## "MISS SKETCH'S" DIARY.

### TUESDAY, AUGUST 29.

*Upward trend of crisis week graph best illustrated by differing atmosphere of the Houses of Parliament at their first and second sittings. Floor of Commons crowded on each occasion—Members sitting on the ground and in the gangways, and several Ministers, including Mr. Robert Hudson, could only find room to sit on steps of Speaker's chair. Galleries crammed with Peers, Ambassadors (M. Maisky absent), and friends and wives of Members, like Lady Diana Cooper and Mrs. Duncan Sandys, who were lucky enough to get seats. Many women, like Lady Carlisle and Lady Abingdon, in lobbies, where air of subdued animation reigned and Members of all parties buttonholed each other to ask for latest rumour or opinion. But while first sitting wore an atmosphere of calm, if determined resignation, the second, after the interchange of peace news had started, almost bubbled with effervescent optimism, and Members were telegraphing to wives in the country that perhaps there wouldn't be war!*

*More dignified atmosphere of House of Lords' Lobby enlivened by young peeresses, including Lady Dufferin and Ava and Lady Stanley, in flowered summer dresses.*

LORD *and* LADY BLEDISLOE.

*The* MARQUESS OF TOWNSHEND.

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET LORD CHATFIELD.

LADY BRIDGETT POULETT *and* MRS. HARRIS *(r.)*.

LANCE-CORPORAL LORD WOLVERTON (T.A.).

STELLA, MARCHIONESS OF READING.

MRS. MONTAGU NORMAN.

## "MISS SKETCH'S" DIARY.

### WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30.

*Paid very interesting visit to WOMEN'S VOLUNTEER SERVICES FOR CIVIL DEFENCE H.Q., which has just moved to more commodious premises in Tothill Street. A hive of efficient volunteers busily transacting various important affairs in different offices. As I entered elderly woman was being fitted with a gas-mask, and greatest care was being shown that it should be adjusted perfectly so that 100% protection ensured.*

*Oldest worker here is seventy-five, and highly efficient. No one under eighteen can be accepted, and recruits are rolling in at the rate of over 1000 a week. Half a million women are now working in various parts of the country at this service.*

*Stella, Lady Reading, and Mrs. Walter Elliot at head of affairs in London, and in provinces Lady Northampton and Lady Worsley are in charge. Smart green overall for office work forms a practical and becoming uniform, and green velours hat suits all types.*

*Emergency canteen has been instituted in offices, and excellent "snacks" provided for workers who have no time for more than hurried meal. More motor drivers needed, so hurry up and join.*

MRS. RUPERT SCOTT, MRS. GERALD, MRS. SWINBOURNE WARD, *and* MRS. A. E. MACPHERSON *have a hasty meal at the canteen.*

MISS ALICIA PERCIVAL, *the author, in her neat uniform overall.*

LADY MARIAN PHILLIPS *with* MISS HALPIN *(centre) and (left)* MRS. RUPERT SCOTT.

LADY IRIS CAPELL *with* MISS MARY SMEATON, *who has been "lent" by the Civil Service as General Secretary.*

D

# MAY ALL THINGS BE ORDERED AND SETTLED BY THEIR ENDEAVOURS.

*Right:* MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, *who to-day bears as heavy a burden of responsibility as has ever rested on the shoulders of a Prime Minister of this country, realises the importance of getting fresh air and exercise daily. He and* MRS. CHAMBERLAIN *are walking round the lake in St. James's Park.*

SIR NEVILE HENDERSON, *British Ambassador to Germany, has had more than one crisis interview with Hitler. On August 23 he handed the British message to the Führer; and flew back to London with the reply. On August 28 he returned to Berlin by air with the British answer to this, and on August 29 he received the German written reply.*

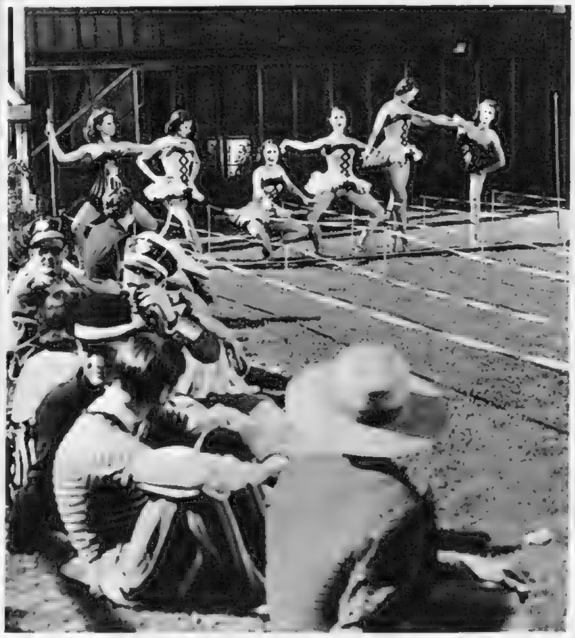
HIS MAJESTY THE KING, *accompanied by his brother,* H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *on Wednesday, August 30, visited the War Office, the Air Ministry, and the Office of Works and inspected their A.R.P. arrangements.* MR. LESLIE HORE-BELISHA, *the Minister for War, is seen behind his Majesty on the left.*

# DIPLOMATIC REPRESENTATIVE OF A BALTIC STATE.

*These portraits of* H.E. *the* LATVIAN MINISTER *and* MADAME ZARINE *were taken at the Legation, in Eaton Place. Latvia is a Baltic republic at the eastern and southern shore of the Gulf of Riga, and was formerly part of the Russian Empire. Its frontiers are common with Estonia, Russia, Poland and Lithuania, so the present situation in Europe affects it nearly. The constitution is that of a democratic republic, with universal suffrage and proportional representation. It was proclaimed an independent state in 1918. Madame Zarine is French by birth.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEE GARMES.

# WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



THE first *sur les pointes* sprint for ballerinas was staged by the members of Warner Brothers " ON YOUR TOES " film company. The spectators, as well as the competitors shown in our photograph, appear with Zorina in the musical production.

MISS SHERRY BERGAN won the triple crown for golf, lawn tennis, and badminton at the Paso Dobles, California, summer sports gymkhana; and just to prove that she is a versatile young athlete she wore a swim-suit when she faced the camera.

MISS SHERRY BERGAN—FOR HER FINE SUMMER SPORTS TREBLE AT PASO DOBLES HOT SPRINGS.

MISS VIRGINIA HART *(second from right) and (l. to r.) the* MISSES MARIE GROSCUP, MARSHA KENT, SALLY CRAVEN, WANA WILLIAMS, *and* SHIRLEY LOPEZ — FOR BEING THE WINNER, THE PLACED COMPETITORS, AND THE FIELD IN THE INAUGURAL 25 YARDS *SUR LES POINTES* SPRINT RACE FOR BALLERINAS.

MISS VIVIAN M. GOODALL, of Sudbury, Suffolk, is a brilliant young horsewoman who has won many cups for show-ring jumping. She easily cleared the deck-chairs and their occupants.

MISS VIVIAN M. GOODALL—FOR CLEARING THE NEWSPAPER READERS SO NEATLY THAT *THEY* DIDN'T JUMP.

COUNCILLOR J. T. HAWES, whose astonishingly close resemblance to Charles Dickens is well known, has accepted the mayoralty of Chatham for a second year. It will be remembered that he played the part of Charles Dickens with great success in the Rochester pageant. In our photograph he holds a portrait plaque of Dickens to illustrate his likeness to the famous novelist.

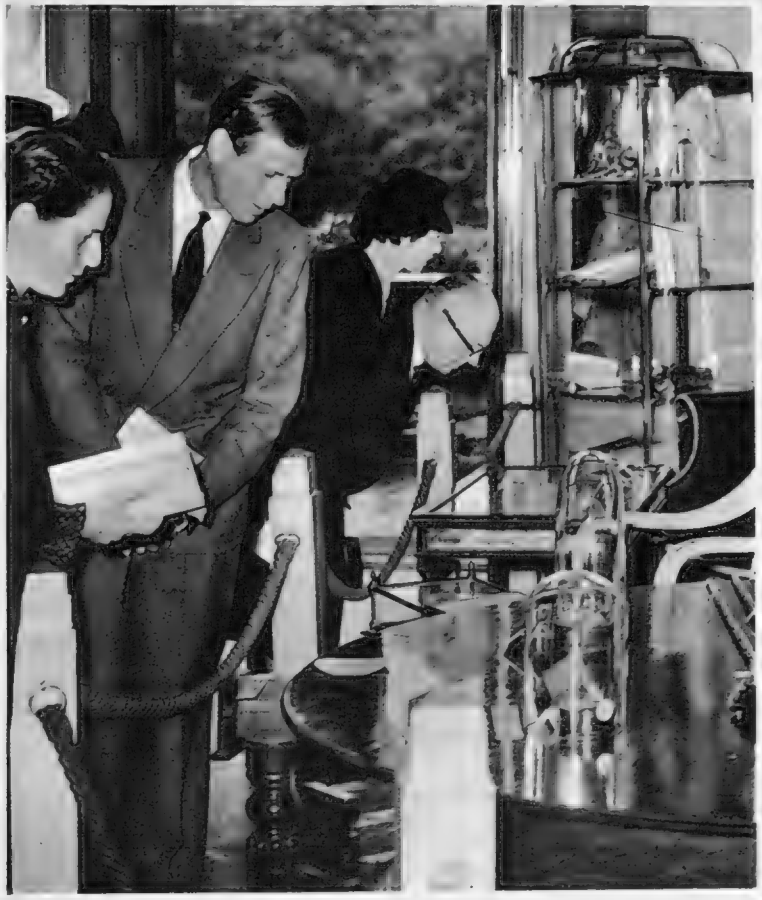
MISS JUNE NELSON—FOR BEING SO EXCEPTIONALLY WELL SUITED!

MISS JUNE NELSON turned up at Lake Mohawk, New Jersey, in a swim-suit she herself made from plastic playing-cards. It's unshrinkable, requires no shoulder-straps on account of the elastic qualities of the cards, represents all four suits, hearts, clubs, spades and diamonds, and suits its owner to perfection.

COUNCILLOR J. T. HAWES—FOR GIVING CHATHAM A SECOND YEAR WITH A CHARLES DICKENS-DOUBLE MAYOR.

# NATIONAL SERVICE; CEREMONIAL; ROYAL VISIT.

The FIVE CROXON SISTERS, all well-known horsewomen, are training as ambulance-drivers for National Service. Here the eldest girl is demonstrating how to start up the engine of the lorry used for practice.



H.R.H. the DUKE OF KENT visited the Exhibition of Royal Treasures in the house in Piccadilly which was occupied by the King and Queen when they were Duke and Duchess of York. MRS. SEYMOUR OBERMER is showing him the barrel used to carry the royal mail aboard when their Majesties were crossing to Canada.

MRS. J. RAYMOND POTTER was formerly Miss Marguerite Douglas-Jones. She is the only daughter of Sir Crawford and Lady Douglas-Jones, and last week married Mr. J. Raymond Potter, younger son of the Rev. Lynden and Mrs. Potter.

As no Buddhist priest was available, EX-KING PRAJADHIPOK OF SIAM, as a Brahmin, performed the naming of the infant son of PRINCE and PRINCESS CHRIASAKTI at Dawn Hill, Virginia Water. The child was named TEKANAASAKTI, and part of the ceremony consisted in cutting a lock of his hair, wrapping it in a lotus leaf and sending it down a river. This symbolises the departure of evil spirits.

*The* HON. CHARLES *and* MRS. WOOD, MAJOR CLAYTON, MISS MARY DE TRAFFORD, *and* MR. PARKER BOWLES *went to Gatwick races. The Hon. Charles Wood is the eldest son of Viscount Halifax.*

# WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

THE graph of crisis week has been a switchback, alternating between peaks of hope and valleys of doubt. London's moods have been now grave, now gay, according to each breeze of rumour from horses'—and other—mouths. But, underlying it all, there has been a constant calmness of temperature, very different from the gale which swept us off our feet last September. There has been no uncertainty, no hesitation. Most of us have had our pre-arranged posts to go to, whether A.R.P., W.A.T.S., Balloon Barrage, Territorials, or ambulance-driving. And we have gone to them without bother, even with the philosophical reflection that it "makes a change."

It certainly made a change for the well-known City men who have been living in tents in Hyde Park. It made a change for ex-débutantes to sleep on hard boards instead of between soft sheets, as some of the W.A.T.S. had to do for one night at least; and it was also a variation for well-known hostesses to study the map of by-streets in Rotherhithe or Camberwell, with a view to quick ambulance-driving in possible air-raid emergency.

. . . . . .

The clubs, undeterred by the prospect of a crisis, had gone ahead with their annual cleaning. Half of them, therefore, were shut last week, and the other half were packed to capacity with visiting members. I hear from my masculine spy that the men showed off their new uniforms with proud assurance, and invited each other to dine "in mess." An innovation which disgusted more conservative members was the radio which retailed the news bulletins through hitherto sacred smoking-rooms!

The Ritz at lunch-time was crowded and fashionable, as it has never before been in August, while interrupted holiday-makers, like Prince Vsevelode of Russia and his Princess, retailed their experiences on the crowded Continental trains and Channel steamers. Many had been obliged to abandon their cars in France, and were doubtful when they would ever see them again. American visitors crowded together, undecided whether to submit to the indignity of sharing cabins with strangers on the packed Atlantic liners, or to risk the bombs by waiting for subsequent and better accommodation.

. . . . . .

"No complaints" is the high-hearted rule adopted by everyone. Plans, hopes, holidays have been shattered, happy families disunited, and all sorts of minor annoyances endured without a murmur. One of the young women who seem to be particularly crisis-ill-luck prone, if one may use this expression, is young Lady Lovat. Her wedding last year took place during the Czechoslovakian trouble, and plans for it were disturbed and altered almost from hour to hour, according to the international situation, as Lord Lovat is in the Army, and was likely to be called upon for service at any moment. Finally, however, the ceremony took place as arranged, and very picturesque it was, with the bridegroom in full Highland dress. Last week, Lady Lovat's son and heir was born, with the present

MISS SARAH SUSANNAH BOWES-LYON, *younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Bowes-Lyon, of Vale Court, Colerne, Wilts., is engaged to* MR. PETER HUGH DUDLEY RYDER, *youngest son of the Hon. A. Dudley Ryder, of Durns, Beaulieu, Hants.*

CAPTAIN HENRY COTESWORTH SLESSOR, *Royal Horse Artillery, son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Slessor, married* MISS KATHRON LILIAS BURNETT-STUART, *younger daughter of Lieut.-General Sir John Burnett-Stuart of Crichie.*

VISCOUNT *and* VISCOUNTESS ADARE *are here seen with their children, the* HON. MELISSA *and the* HON. CAROLINE WYNDHAM-QUIN. *Lord Adare, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., is the elder son of the Earl of Dunraven.*

crisis almost at its height, but it is good news that both this important young man, who bears the title of Master of Lovat, and his beautiful mother are well. Beaufort Castle, where he saw the light of day, is in what must certainly be a safety zone, in Inverness-shire.

. . . .

Britain and the British have faced this crisis on an even keel, both at home and abroad, and holiday-makers scuttling back from Continental playgrounds have no panic stories to tell. "General gloom in the sky," writes one of my spies, "had sent us flying down to France in a small car, longing for a sun-blistered *plage* where we could lounge like lizards and brown ourselves comfortably. So starting from Dieppe before the Continental stew began to boil up, we went to Blois and stayed the night, so that we might see the Amboise Château and pay homage before the memorial stone of Leonardo da Vinci. The Riviera was packed with a mass of English people. We looked at Cassis and Bandol, and went on to Hyères, where rain was falling; stayed one night, and started back to the north by a new route, as news from the nerve-centres of Europe made an about-turn necessary. We saw the wonderful Roman Arch at Orange, through a sheet of rain, and after that the floods descended.

"Through what seemed a solid curtain of water we went north in a queue of 'G.B.' cars. The rain was so tropical that every car passing in the opposite direction flung a heavy wave of water at our windscreen, with force enough to shake a lorry! Fontainebleau Forest, even in mist, looked heavenly, and we put up at a tiny French hotel where, after dinner, with half-a-dozen French officers, we listened-in to Daladier's speech. They played the 'Marseillaise' twice, and at the end the Colonel's eyes were wet with patriotic tears and he told us with pride that his son, a barrister, had just been called up, and showed us on the map where he fought in the last war. But there was no panic, no fuss, no flurry."

. . .

Here's another traveller's tale. "The South of France," writes my second self, "is somehow always associated with gaiety—and it was instructive, and also touching, to see its aspect under the menace of war. All the French I met behaved admirably, and displayed a gay courage, although they all had someone near and dear in the Army, who, if not actually called up, was liable to be so at any moment. The general idea was, as in England, to carry on as usual, and parties which had been already arranged were not postponed.

"I was glad I did not rush back, as those who did had a rough time. My travelling companions consisted of a "White" Russian, and a most amusing Frenchman of forty-nine, who was going to Metz to rejoin his regiment. The Russian aristocrat was certain there would be no conflict if only all concentrated and determined that there should not be one. The Frenchman somehow did not think this system would work, nor could either of us agree with her when she stated that all the Russians killed in the last war were 'good,' and that the present inhabitants of her former country were without exception '*des cochons.*' To have simple views like this must rob life of all complications." MARIEGOLD.

LADY BRIDGET ELLIOT, *eighteen-year-old daughter of the Earl of Minto, made her platform début last week when she opened a Scottish charity sale of work.*

*The marriage of the* HON. RICHARD LYGON, *youngest son of the late Earl Beauchamp, to* MISS PATRICIA JANET NORMAN, *daughter of the late Rev. T. N. Norman, took place at Hanley Castle Church. Earl and Countess Beauchamp attended the ceremony.*

*The party for the shooting from Strath Markie Lodge, Laggan, was (l. to r.)* DR. CLOUSTER, MRS. EDEN, MR. McCORMACK, MR. ADAMSON, *and* MR. CLOUSTER. *Mrs. Eden was the hostess.*

*Owing to the emergency situation the marriage of the* HON. MAX AITKEN, *elder son of Lord Beaverbrook, to* MISS CYNTHIA MONTEITH *took place very quietly last week at St. Paul's, Portman Square.*

ALICIA MARKOVA IN "LELAC DES CYGNES," THE FAMOUS BALLET TO TCHAIKOVSKY MUSIC.

# SWAN PRINCESS AND VIENNESE BY THE MONTE CARLO RUSSIANS.

MARINA FRANKA IN "LE BEAU DANUBE," THE ENCHANTING MASSINE-STRAUSS BALLET.

THE BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO, *which has Leonide Massine as artistic director, was due to open a fortnight's season at Covent Garden on Monday last, September 4, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra. The advertised programme for the second night included "Le Luc des Cygnes," and we were promised revivals of "Le Beau Danube," "La Boutique Fantasque," and other favourites. Five new productions, "Rouge et Noir," "Le Diable s'Amuse," "Venusberg," "Bogatyri," and "Capriccio Espagnol" figured in the advance plans.*

Y BARON.

# SONG, DANCE AND LAUGHTER OF "SITTING PRETTY."

"SITTING PRETTY," *the new Firth Shephard entertainment at the Princes Theatre, is a song, dance and laugh show. The brothers Tuttle have to keep a job for a year in order to get a million. Here Wilberforce* (SYDNEY HOWARD) *is disguised as Miss " T " ; and Jeremiah* (ARTHUR RISCOE) *as Miss " G," young ladies of a Bon Marché store.*

*Wilberforce* (SYDNEY HOWARD) *joins the Force. Here, in the name of law and order, he is questioning the Bermondsey Boys, who include Jeremiah* (ARTHUR RISCOE; *right*), *'Arry Burgess* (JACK LEOPOLD), *and a Gambler* (HERBERT WALTON).

*The action at one time moves to the Wild West. Tiny* (VERA PEARCE) *is in light dalliance with Wilberforce* (SYDNEY HOWARD) *and Jeremiah* (ARTHUR RISCOE).

*The musical numbers include " Yesterday's Dream," sung by Mary* (PATRICIA BURKE) *and Jimmy* (JACK DONOHUE). *As our photograph shows this has a very attractive setting.*

*Left: Jeremiah* (ARTHUR RISCOE) *gives an exhibition of patient angling when the Tuttles find themselves in the Arctic Zone,*

*Right: The Tuttles and " Tiny " all get together in an Oriental muddle, as this study of* ARTHUR RISCOE, VERA PEARCE, *and* SYDNEY HOWARD *amusingly illustrates.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEXANDER PAAL.

# LA PAROISSE ENGLOUTIE!

*Everyone knows Debussy's beautiful composition, "La Cathédrale Engloutie," based on the legend of the cathedral under the sea. Here is a whole Parrish very nearly under the sea—in the person of* HELEN PARRISH, *the Universal star who was recently seen in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up."*

# "THE FOOD OF LOVE."

## A MUSIC ARTICLE BY EDWIN EVANS.

THE ways of the B.B.C. may appear mysterious, but since they possess voluminous data in the form of epistolary curses and blessings by which they are, not guided, but influenced, we may assume that there is method in their mystery. As I mentioned three weeks ago, the list of novelties included in the "Prom" season, once as high as thirty, has shrunk to a dozen. I should have added that two-thirds of these appear in the second half of the respective programmes. Although for many years now the composition of this second half has been on the same high level as the first, old traditions cling to life, and there is one rooted in the past which regards the second half of a "Prom" programme as a mere appendage, a kind of dessert to the substantial meal that has preceded it. How tenaciously that view is still held can be observed from the thinning of the audience after the interval. Because of this, there are many who believe that the B.B.C. itself does not attach much importance to the new works it introduces during the season, especially as this second half of the programme, including the new works, is often not broadcast. One has only to look at the prospectus issued by the B.B.C. at the beginning of each winter season to realise that this impression is based on a misunderstanding. During the greater part of the year the B.B.C. is generous to the contemporary composer who has a new work to offer. It is inconsistent that during the "Prom" season it should give the impression that, in its heart, if it possesses one, it does not really think much of him.

Of the twelve novelties, five have so far been heard, and of these, the one that has given me most pleasure was the "Concertino Pastorale" for strings, by John Ireland. It was first played on June 14, at the Serenade in the Cloisters which was a feature of the Canterbury Festival, but this was its first hearing in London. It was rather amusing that the composer should have thought it necessary to issue the warning that "it is not written to please the ultra-moderns," as if anyone would have suspected him of currying favour with them. Many composers nowadays seem to have almost a morbid fear of being thought out of date. It is all nonsense. Timid subservience to outworn conventions is out of date, but one would as soon suspect Ireland of this as of the other. He has his own individual style, which may perhaps not include controversial "modern improvements," but holds its own as a personal form of the current vernacular. In any case, quality takes precedence of modernity, and the quality of this work raises it above many which may have more pungent sensations to offer.

*The marriage of twenty-six-year-old* MR. DONALD KEELING, *youngest bandmaster in the British Army, to* MISS ENID ELSIE GREEN *took place in the Chapel of the Kneller Hall Military School of Music, Twickenham. This was the first wedding in the chapel since the foundation of Kneller Hall seventy-two years ago.*

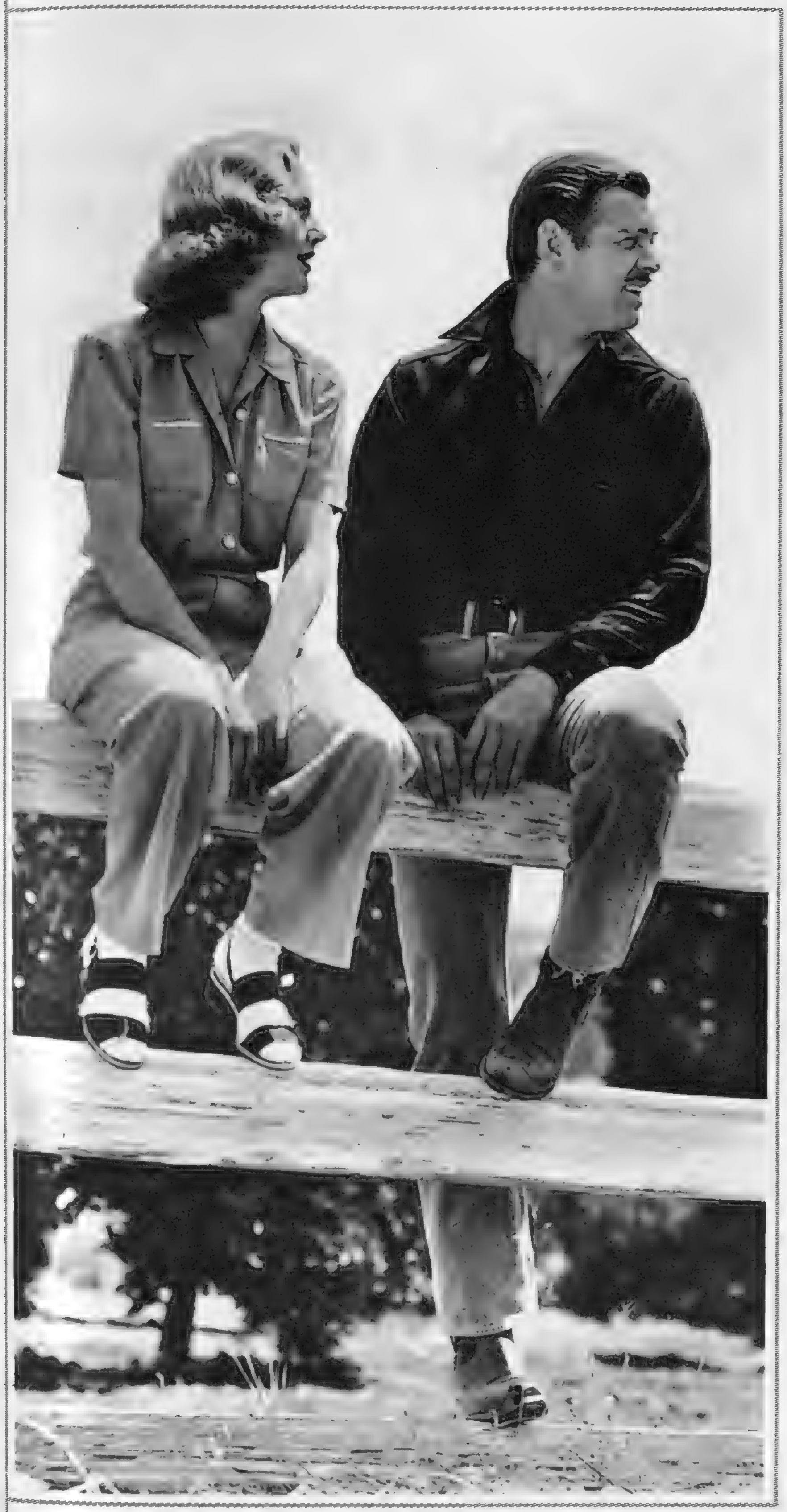
The most important of the new works was undoubtedly Arthur Bliss's Piano Concerto. In fact, it was *too* important. In other words, much of it was portentous. The composer seems to have set out deliberately to write a super-concerto, and in the matter of difficulty for the soloist he has certainly succeeded. Solomon triumphed in a way that compelled even rival pianists to sing his praises—but, then, pianists are rarely as ungenerous in this respect as singers, or even as violinists. But apart from the slow movement, which had an attractive intimacy and poetic feeling, there was far more of the "grand manner" than one is prepared to take seriously. There is a certain type of public speech that propounds noble thought and sentiment, but instead of carrying the audience with it, ends by leaving an impression of smug pomposity. I will not say that Bliss's concerto is quite like that, but it approaches near enough to it to arouse misgivings among his friends. That it is of a high standard in form and construction does not help matters. Such speeches often are. Still, they would be much worse if they rambled.

There was some anticipatory curiosity concerning the American work, Samuel Barber's "Essay" for orchestra. It is to be feared that American music has a harder task than any other to convert our audiences to its merits. Musical history being what it is, all new music must necessarily be to some extent derivative; but American music makes us more conscious of this. We instinctively feel that what we hear originated in Europe, was exported to America, and returned to us labelled American music. Some such music bears traces of its double journey; some does not; and to us the former, though not necessarily the best, seems the more interesting. In the case of Samuel Barber, great hopes had been aroused by the eulogistic accounts of his Symphony, and the fact that Toscanini had conducted the first performance of his "Essay" in New York. But it turned out to be so much like a lot of other music that, though nobody questioned its competence, it scarcely made any impression at all, good or bad. It just happened. I confess that I felt disappointed, for there is nothing I would like better than an incontestable American success at Queen's Hall.

The only French novelty of the season was Marcel Delannoy's "Sérénade Concertante" for violin and orchestra, in which Brosa was the soloist. The composer, now forty-one, is considered in France to be a disciple of Honegger, who gave him some guidance after he emerged from the composition class of André Gédalge. Ten years ago I heard, at Geneva, a curious work of his, a kind of ballet-cantata, "Le Fou de la Dame," meaning not the Queen's Jester, but her Bishop, whom French chess-players call thus. The new work did not strike me as having enough of the vaunted Latin clarity of style, but otherwise it proved attractive, and not less so for being unpretentiously easy of apprehension.

This leaves two songs from Benjamin Britten's "Illuminations," a cycle of songs the poems of which are by Arthur Rimbaud. They proved full of interest, and one of them especially charming, but I would rather await the completion of the cycle before discussing them in detail.

# THE GABLES BY THEIR OWN ROOF-TREE.



CLARK GABLE *and his wife,* CAROLE LOMBARD, *have been enjoying a holiday at their ranch at Encino, California, in San Fernando Valley. He has just finished making Selznick International Pictures' "Gone With the Wind," in which he plays Rhett Butler, and she has completed R.K.O. Radio's "In Name Only."*

*It's a broiling hot day, but Tuffy, the boxer bulldog, isn't quite sure about the benefits of these new-fangled shower-baths taken under the garden tap.*

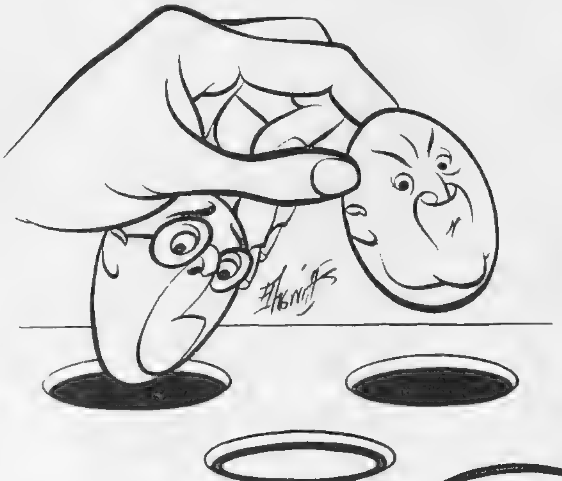
*Tuffy finds that, after all, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard were right. These showers and shampoos are most refreshing on a summer's afternoon.*

# CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

## THE STAGE.

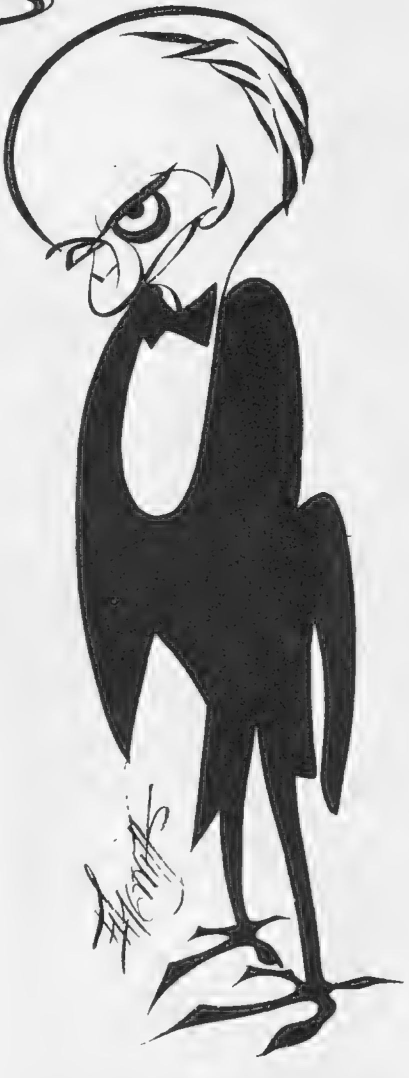
By IVOR BROWN.

THERE is nothing new to be said about Mr. Alfred Drayton and Mr. Robertson Hare. Such silence is the sincerest form of flattery, since there is nothing new to be said about all sorts of good things, such as Milton and Stilton, roast beef and Charlie Chaplin. Nor is there anything original to be said about Mr. Ben Travers. For that matter, there is nothing new to be said about Shakespeare. That a good farce should be on view at the Strand Theatre is one of the rules of London life. The rules also declare that Mr. Travers should write the farce and that Mr. Drayton and Mr. Hare should appear in it. It is not compulsory for Mr. Hare to be " de-bagged " during the course of the evening. But the episode is favoured. We like this great comedian to undergo strip-tease (in the sense that teases strip him) and to be the centre of a brisk " leg-show."



1. *Here is Sherriffs' recipe for* "SPOTTED DICK," *the new farce at the Strand Theatre. Take two eggs — preferably Norton Plumb* (ALFRED DRAYTON) *and Charlie Dick* (ROBERTSON HARE) *and allow them to beat themselves up.*

The new piece is called "SPOTTED DICK," and it fulfils all the rules and regulations of a Strand farce, and is therefore to be regarded as good news for bad times and a general lightener of darkness. There is a fairly complicated plot about some precious jewels which are pledged, stolen, and re-stolen during a wild night at Maidenhead, in which the aforesaid " sparklers " are tossed about in scrimmages and passing-bouts of a Rugby football pace, vigour and ferocity. But, of course, the great attraction, as always, is to watch Mr. Drayton bully Mr. Hare. In life, the spectacle of hate and rage is ugly, mean and sordid; but on the stage these base emotions can become vastly comic. Farce has always depended greatly on the kind of Anglo-Indian colonel whose frame is compounded of brandy and blood-pressure, whose tongue laps liquor and drips oaths. Mr. Drayton's rage is of a less military order, but none the less gorgeous to look upon. It is especially amusing because one's sympathy is so often on his side. While Mr. Hare is being grandly solemn and pompous, like some pedantic little beetle, one sees Mr. Drayton as the man of the world, albeit the bad man of a bad world, swelling with fury and eager to " swat " that beetle as a peevish man " swats " flies.



3. *. . . and stimulate complicated financial relations among the eggs, the hare, and a beetroot soaked in blackmail, otherwise Gurney* (GUY MIDDLETON).

This is not, I think, the best script that Mr. Travers has ever " scribed." But it assembles the right company and gives them enough of the right lines. It has been produced by Mr. Ralph Lynn, and nobody knows the nonsense world better than he does, and is more aware of the fact that a farcical text is a skin that needs filling out: box office business needs stage " business " as well as good lines and personality. There are all these in " Spotted Dick," in whose team Miss Joyce Barbour, Miss Carla Lehmann, and Miss Constance Lorne score for the ladies, while Mr. Guy Middleton is splendidly sinister as the Worst Man in Maidenhead, and Messrs. Percy Parsons and Frank Royde are " werry fierce " as a couple of Taplow Terrors. For those in need of forgetfulness and a good laugh, here is the proper kind of roaring and rampaging unreality.

And so to Buxton, whose third drama festival was gallantly begun in anything but festive conditions. The lights were kindled in the gardens and the local mayors trooped in with their chains of office. The Buxton Festival is always the " pipe-opener," as racing men say, for the Old Vic company's autumn season. After hearing Mr. Robert Donat and Miss Constance Cummings play " ROMEO AND JULIET," I think they will have to pipe up a bit. It was, of course, a tremendous pleasure to have Mr. Donat on the stage again, and it was courageous of him to make his return in a Shakespearean, poetic rôle. His contributions to the Old Vic season are to be in Shaw and Goldsmith, as well as in Shakespeare, so that he will have a chance to show all his powers. He opened with the greatest challenge to his capacities of speech and romantic fascination, and his Romeo, though less than a natural poet and manufacturer of immortal verse, was an extremely nice young man, very human, sympathetic, and easy to look at.

2. *Then catch your Hare—March quality—Belle Plumb* (JOYCE BARBOUR) *. . .*

In the old song " Our Lodger 's Such a Nice Young Man," the standard of approval was not exacting. If our Romeo is to be, like the lodger, a " nice young man," he must be something more as well. This addition, I think, Mr. Donat will have made by the time he reaches London. I suspect that the quiet technique of the film-studio has temporarily reduced the vigour of Mr. Donat's theatrical attack. He will recover it, and be a dashing, as well as a debonair Romeo in a week or two. There have been many beautiful Juliets, and Miss Constance Cummings offered a portrait of that ill-starred miss which was lovely enough to hang in any gallery. She captured the girlishness, she established the change to womanhood, and if, like Mr. Donat, she insufficiently realised what a grand noise this play should be, one can expect her to catch the lyrical note later on.

The Old Vic has seen some wild and weird Shakespearean experiments in its time. A halt has been called to that. Mr. Roger Furse has taken no liberties with Verona in his decoration, which is pleasantly unobtrusive, and Mr. Murray Macdonald, the new producer, has been more concerned to achieve old-fashioned speed and vigour than to introduce new subtleties. The fights were almost terrifyingly actual, and Mr. Stewart Granger's dark Tybalt was vivid and exciting, both in life and the loss of it. Mr. André Morell's Mercutio also died with unusual realism, and starkly reminded us that being run through the ribs is not a picturesque form of euthanasia. Miss Marie Ney's Nurse, pippin-cheeked and twinkle-eyed, was an astonishing piece of character-comedy for one who played, two years ago at Buxton, the greyest of Ibsen rôles, and was the best Mrs. Alving of our time. There is a good team ready for the Old Vic season, with the experience of Mr. Hubert Harben to balance the younger powers of Mr. Andrew Cruickshank and others.

*Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page VIII.*

# CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

## THE CINEMA.

CERTAINLY the most important of the week's new films is the Russian production, "PROFESSOR MAMLOCK," which has at last been licensed by the London County Council for public exhibition, and may now be seen at the Academy Cinema. It is hard to assess what purports to be an accurate impression of Germany at the time of the Nazi Revolution of 1933. Ignoring its political significance, judging it purely as fiction, one would find it impossible to believe that men could hate and persecute as they are here shown to do, that party loyalties and friction could so develop as to bring uppermost all that is intolerant and brutal in mankind. Admit its basis of reality, although in the light of common reason it is difficult to understand why men should do these things, the picture becomes credible.

At the time of the 1933 elections which brought the Nazi Party to power, Professor Mamlock is shown as a kindly surgeon whose life's purpose is the relief of suffering and the furtherance of science, who bans the discussion of politics in his home and his clinic. His persecution and expulsion from the hospital on racial grounds, his temporary re-instatement when his enemies require his surgical skill to save the life of a party leader, the increasing humiliation when this task is accomplished, awake in the peace-loving man a strong conviction and lead to his public denouncement of the Nazi régime, which is cut short by machine-gun bullets. With its background of counter-revolutionary activity, this grim and terrible history is related without sensationalism or obvious exaggeration. Unknown to audiences in this country, the players achieve a realism almost unbearable, and S. Mezhinski, as the protagonist of a persecuted race, presents his case with a nobility which sheds the solitary gleam on this darkened scene.

4. *Place all the before-mentioned ingredients for "Spotted Dick" in hot water with the concentrated essence of American game chicken, Clegg* (PERCY PARSONS) . . .

6. *Also add the more pugnacious elements of a ten-spined stickleback, Mike* (PATRICK BARR) . . .

"BACHELOR MOTHER," at the Gaumont, Haymarket, which stars Ginger Rogers and David Niven, is a sparkling comedy about a shop-girl who finds a baby abandoned on the doorstep of a foundling hospital, and is thereupon assumed to be its mother. The usual implications arise when the son of the boss at Merlin's Store, sympathising with her "misfortune," gives her a rise in salary and proceeds to advise her on the upbringing of the child. This leads to a series of hilarious situations — the harassed young man and a dignified butler of the Jeeves school left "holding the baby" in a *palais de danse* while the dancing mother competes in a Big Apple contest; the working-girl introduced into high society, where she keeps her end up by pretending to speak nothing but Swedish; and finally her winning of a husband after three separate young men have simultaneously been taxed with the paternity of the child. Ginger Rogers is as charming as ever as the much-misunderstood shop-girl. With practically no dancing to do, she again displays a first-class comedy talent, and is well partnered by David Niven, who is very funny indeed as mother's help. Charles Coburn as Mr. Merlin, Senior, and Ferike Boros as a sympathetic landlady give excellent support. E. E. Clive contributes his well-known butler study, and the baby is sure to be popular.

"THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK" (Odeon) needs no introduction to cinema audiences, as Alexandre Dumas' swashbuckling heroes, the Three Musketeers and their leader, d'Artagnan, have been portrayed on the screen on numerous occasions. Many years ago, I recall how I was thrilled by their exploits, week by week, in a serial film, and as I watched this lengthy new version of an old favourite, so packed with incident, I could not help thinking how well that once-popular form suited the spacious adventures of the dauntless quartet. For there is action and to spare in this film, in which Miles Mander, Alan Hale, and Bert Roach, as the Musketeers, effectively recapture the spirited mood of tradition, and Warren William makes a fine, picturesque d'Artagnan, with Joseph Schildkraut and Walter Kingsford providing contrast as the scheming Minister of Finance and the faithful courtier respectively. Louis Hayward doubles the rôles of the degenerate King and his brother, the Man in the Iron Mask, and in swordsmanship is equal to the best. A brunette, Joan Bennett, takes the feminine lead. The production is on the grand scale. Historical accuracy is not a strong point, nor is the Gallic spirit much in evidence, but great care has been taken to reproduce in all its magnificence the court of the Roi Soleil, the most magnificent Louis of all.

5. . . . *add a reasonable portion of rhubarb, or in the absence of this, celery, in the shape of Penny McGuffie* (CONSTANCE LORNE).

The remaining film on my list—"LET US LIVE," at the Regal—has a sombre theme. This is the false incrimination, on a charge of murder, by circumstantial evidence of two young men whose innocence is only proved at the eleventh hour by the exposure of the real murderers. This is accomplished through the untiring efforts of the sweetheart of one of the condemned men, and an ex-police lieutenant, who resigns his commission in order to help her. But the ending is not a happy one, for the girl's fiancé has been changed by his terrible experience from an ardent admirer of the "American System" to an embittered cynic. What makes this even more poignant, is that there has been no suggestion of unfairness either on the part of the police or the prosecution, and it leaves us with a sense of frustration as we realise that this is a tragedy of circumstance alone. Henry Fonda is the taxi-driver whose character undergoes such an unhappy change, giving a moving study which covers a wide emotional range, matched by the intensity of Maureen O'Sullivan as the waitress whose persistence saves his life, and the quiet sincerity of Ralph Bellamy's detective. B. T.

7. . . . *and, finally, one astonished leek, Patricia* (CARLA LEHMANN). *Add to this mess assorted jewels to the value of four thousand pounds. Bake in a moderate oven for two acts and allow to cool off for the greater part of the third. Then whip it out and spill it hot all over the public.*

# THE LOVE OF FOOD.

By X. MARCEL BOULESTIN.

It is a great mistake to expect to have vegetables which are "seasonable" all the year round. When rare and forced they have but a snobbish value, and certainly little flavour. We have had asparagus and peas, and now that game has started we have, especially in Southern Europe, the full-bodied vegetables, sometimes slightly exotic, which give our dishes a special quality. There they are at their best, because they really belong to the country; but, luckily, they travel easily. These are tomatoes, sweet peppers, and aubergines. Each eaten separately is delicious; mixed they make a famous *ragoût*, commonly known as *Ratatouille Niçoise*.

Some people find aubergines indigestible, which must be due to the fact that, unless well prepared (and by that I mean also "prepared" for the finished dish), they are not very palatable: as I have explained before, aubergines should be cut in halves lengthways, sprinkled with salt, and left for one hour and a half. The salt brings out the water, which is the indigestible part; after that they are treated according to recipe, unless they are just thinly sliced and fried, in which case they are used *nature*.

The sweet pepper, *poivron* or *pimiento*, is green, yellow or red, and the larger it is the milder. The Basques are very fond of them, and they are grown in every cottage-garden; they like them hot, but the very small ones are hot to the point of being uneatable; they are used only as a condiment. They are good, like tomatoes, cooked or raw; cooked they are one of the main ingredients of the *piperade*, and make a delicious omelette. All these Southern vegetables make a pleasant change in the menu; they add a piquancy and a spiciness most agreeable when the weather is hot (at least, we hope so) and our palate more difficult to please. Moreover, they can be combined *à l'infini*. For instance, we make with some of them perfect *hors d'œuvre salades*.

Salade de Tomates et Piments.—Cut the tomatoes (which should be quite ripe) in thin slices; cut the sweet peppers across lengthways, remove the hard white part and the seeds, and cut them very finely (almost chopped, but not quite); add, for three tomatoes and one large pepper (or two or three smaller ones), a teaspoonful of chopped onion. The dressing is quite plain: vinegar one part, two parts oil, salt and pepper.

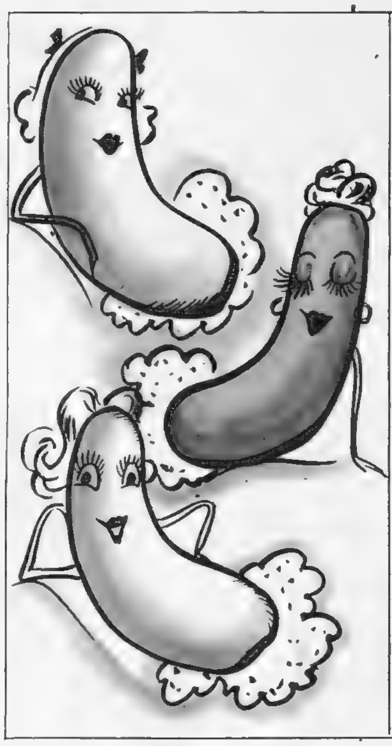
Salade de Tomates et Oignons.—This is not as alarming as it sounds: two-thirds of tomatoes in fine slices, one-third of onions, also finely cut; chopped parsley; dressing as before.

Sweet peppers are often used in the Basque country almost as a condiment; they are one of the ingredients of the Poulet Landaise—which is a chicken carved in seven pieces, first browned in pork fat, then cooked fairly slowly in a pan, with the addition of potatoes cut in cubes and strips of sweet peppers; a little dry white wine is added to make a short sauce; and also, a little later, the flesh of two tomatoes. From the moment all the ingredients are together in the pan, it takes about twenty to twenty-five minutes to finish the dish. It is advisable to start the potatoes separately, otherwise they might not be done enough by the time the chicken is ready. A little chopped tarragon is sometimes added just before serving.

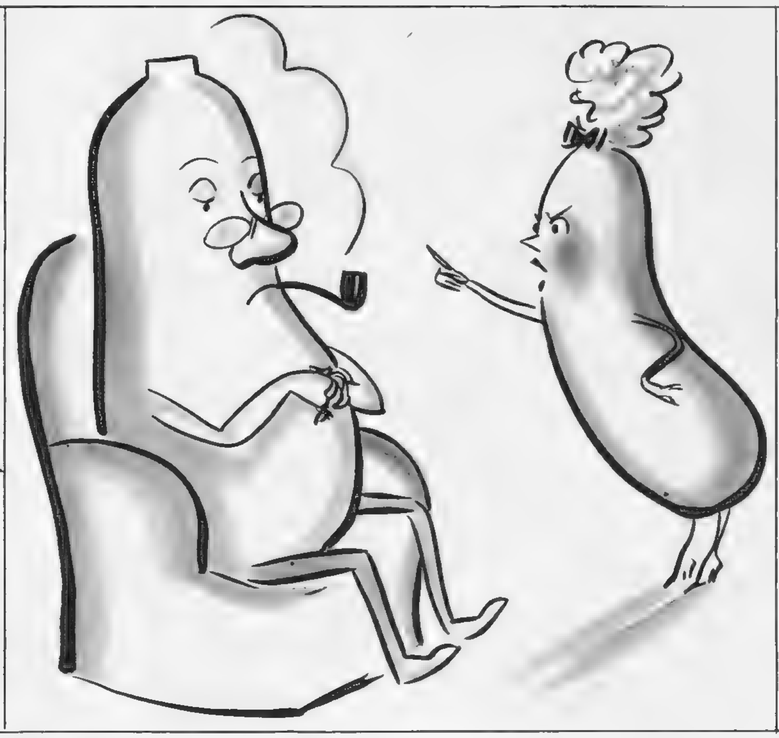
Ratatouille Niçoise.—Prepare the aubergines with salt, as described before, and having drained them, peel them and cut them in thin slices; have about the same quantity of sweet peppers, also in slices. Cook all this slowly in hot olive oil; but it is not a question of frying all this—it must become soft and almost melt—so slow cooking on a very moderate fire is indispensable. When they are almost done, add about the same quantity of tomatoes (pips and skins removed), cut coarsely in pieces, and simmer again till the mixture is very soft; the juice of the vegetables having reduced, and the oil having been absorbed, it is almost like a *purée*. Add chopped parsley before serving. There should really be a little garlic in this dish. It is served as a separate vegetable dish, or, for instance, with roast veal.

Aubergines Napolitaine.—Having prepared the aubergines, cut them in thin slices, which you dip lightly in flour; fry them in hot olive oil. Take about the same quantity of cold mutton and mince it finely, adding to the mince a small quantity of chopped onion cooked in butter. Season well. Put in a fireproof dish the slices of aubergines, just overlapping, then a layer of minced meat; another layer of aubergines, and finish by putting on the top a sprinkling of white breadcrumbs and grated cheese, Parmesan and Gruyère mixed. Pour melted butter all over and brown in the oven, or under a grill, in which case you begin by heating the dish on the top of the range. Serve with it a sharp sauce, made as follows:

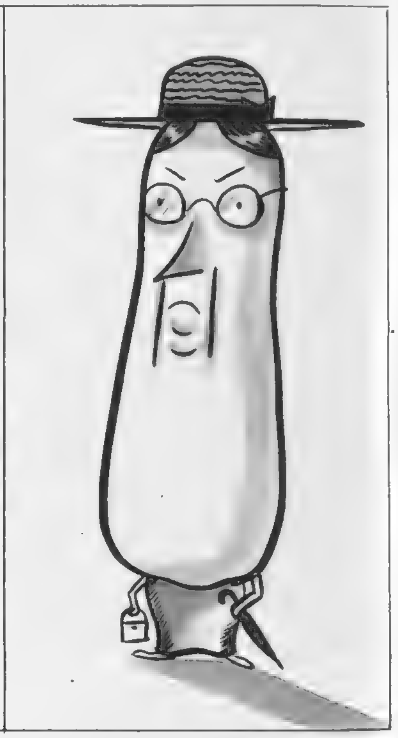
Sauce.—One rasher of streaky bacon cut in pieces, a bouquet of parsley, bay-leaf and thyme; one shallot cut in pieces. Cook in a small saucepan a minute or two. Add a small glass of dry white wine, a little vinegar, and reduce by half. Add three or four tomatoes cut in pieces, salt, pepper, bring to the boil, and then cook slowly about a quarter of an hour till it has reduced and thickened. Pass through a fine strainer, squashing the mixture against the side, into a hot sauce-boat.



*"The Sweet Pepper is yellow, green or red."*



*"The larger it is the milder . . . but the very small ones are hot."*



*"The dressing is quite plain."*

SKETCHING STAR.

MISS VIRGINIA BRUCE, *blonde, blue-eyed M.-G.-M. star, has two hobbies, lawn tennis and sketching, and practises both whenever she has a chance. She was recently seen in " Society Lawyer " with Walter Pidgeon, and is again teamed with him in " Stronger Than Desire," a new picture which she has just completed. She began her career by playing small rôles in several pictures ; then appeared in the Broadway stage show " Smiles," in which she was advertised by Ziegfeld as the " world's most beautiful show-girl " ; and in " America's Sweetheart." She then signed up again for Hollywood, and played increasingly prominent parts.*

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I SUPPOSE "Will Shakespeare's" not infrequent appearance in fiction and the drama is only natural. He is an obvious temptation; he is a challenge, and he *ought* to be a good subject. We know a little about him, and we can deduce (without resorting to simple guesswork) a good deal more; so the imagination gets a start, and yet has plenty of room to work. And what material to work on—the greatest figure in the Great Age! And that figure a quasi-problem, appealing as much to the amateur detective as to the devotee.

All the same, I wonder any novelist should dare to face such a task. "Period" settings are always troublesome enough, and the sixteenth century must be worse than most: but with a towering genius thrown in! . . . Of course, if you are Bernard Shaw—if you have plenty of wit, and no respectful inhibitions, and no historical sense—then all's well; you can write your "Dark Lady of the Sonnets," and leave out Shakespeare and the Great Age altogether, and get away with it. But there is only one Shaw; most exponents of *le grand Will* (as Rostand called him) take their job seriously. Mr. Brophy certainly does; and though "Gentleman of Stratford" is readable and clever and well-informed, it provides a lesson on the desirability of avoiding this unique hero. In practice, he is not the chance of a lifetime; he is a liability, a dead weight. If you doubt it, compare "Gentleman of Stratford" with Mr. Gwyn Jones's recent epic on Robert Greene. Greene was an Elizabethan playwright, but not a genius; so Mr. Jones could let rip, and produce a novel bursting with life and energy. He makes us understand the soil in which Shakespeare grew. The soil of Mr. Brophy's novel is poor and thin—and all because he is so reverently worried about the facts.

SIR PAUL DUKES, K.B.E., *the well-known author and expert on Russia, and former member of the Intelligence Service in Russia, is seen (centre) arriving by 'plane from Berlin. His companions were* ADMIRAL BOYLE *(just leaving 'plane), and Mr. Harrison. Sir Paul Dukes is the author of "Red Dusk and the Morrow," "The Story of S.T. 25," and (with Ropshin-Savinkov) "The Black Horse."*

**Will Shakespeare.** He defends the boldness of his choice by expressing "a conviction, held these many years, that, whatever sort of a man William Shakespeare was, he was not an abstract force but a human being." No one is likely to dispute it. But the point is, we must believe that the man presented in the book is a human being who could and would have written the plays of Shakespeare. And how is that to be done, if you present him, as Mr. Brophy tries to present him, from the inside? It can't be done, unless the author has Shakespearean force.

This author is least impeded by his subject right at the start. There are some good moments here. Young Will Shakespeare, dandified and comely, is ashamed of his father's trade, ashamed of taking a pair of gloves to a customer at the Swan—but clever enough to get his friend Hamnet to do it for him. Waiting for Hamnet to return, he meets a strange figure—of course, Anne Hathaway—in the river mists: a romantic, almost spooky scene, and why not? Soon after, he attains a peak of credibility as the young husband and father, living on his parents, idle, self-disgusted, and completely demoralised. Then we move to London, and nothing is quite the same again.

As I said, Mr. Brophy is shy of going beyond the records—he has to do it, of course, but he does it tamely. Almost the only thing that spurs him to free invention is the desire to whitewash—or rather, to put any doubtful business in the best light. Thus he has contrived to get Shakespeare through that unlucky courtship and marriage as pure as snow. He thinks the romantic sonnets were written for a young woman—I'm afraid he thinks so because it strikes him as more respectable. So he invents a young woman, and Shakespeare falls in love with her. That's all right: but she is so dim, and the affair is so dim, and the relation between this nameless girl and her poet so entirely different from that described in the sonnets! The Dark Lady has a piece of a name, and a thoroughly depraved nature—but she exists in a void; even here the story, as a story, is rather dull. But it may well have been hard to think or feel energetically in the style Mr. Brophy has adopted. It is a more or less "correct" and archaic style; it's not a failure, but, like the hero, it is a burden.

And in complaining so much, I have supplied another reason for avoiding Shakespeare. We'll all complain—all who have opinions in advance, and who hasn't? Yet Mr. Brophy's novel is attractive, and its hero is a nice fellow. You can accept him; you can believe that Shakespeare was something like him; you never quite believe that he wrote the plays.

**Question Time.** At first I thought (and feared) Miss Frankau's new book was going to be another "powerful" story of revolution. Then I thought, and rather hoped, it was to be in the style of "Public Faces"—a political thriller. Both times I was completely taken in. "A Democrat Dies" has not the grip of "Public Faces," but it has a sweet, unusual character of its own. It might almost be called a hoax; I can't say more without revealing the secret, but those who shun "powerful" books can approach it without a tremor. It won't go off in their hands. They may not believe in it, but they are certain to wish they could.

And yet it *is* about revolution. A society called Phœnix is working underground to save England. Its programme has a ring of death and destruction—"The new world, if there is a new world, cannot proceed from anything that has gone before. It must destroy the present, and rise from its ashes." But first there must be the ashes. . . . The old must go. . . .

*If you are invited by* MR. ROLAND WILD, *the well-known author, to have a cocktail, you can imagine that you are enjoying just what the doctor ordered for your case, for the bar in his house at Weybridge is got up to resemble a chemist's shop, with the wines and spirits in bottles such as the chemist uses for his potions, each with the Latin equivalent of the name of its contents on the bottle.*

Phœnix has just begun to be heard of. A question has been asked in the House. A paper called *Phœnix* has actually intruded on the sitting—and how it got there, nobody knows. It is snapped up quietly by a brilliant young Civil Servant called Peter Scribe.

[*Continued overleaf.*

## BEAUTY—BY THE DOZEN.

*Beauty is not often to be met with by the dozen, but this page of portraits of twelve of the celebrated sixteen* HOFFMAN GIRLS *who will appear in George Black's forthcoming show,* "THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED," *proves that loveliness can be fully mobilised, so to speak. The Crazy Gang are, as usual, featured in the entertainment which is due at the London Palladium on September 13.*

Continued.]

Not that Peter has anything to do with the revolution; he is no plotter, only an incorrigible *frondeur*. Whatever will annoy the powers that be is all right with him; and if the old must go, he thinks the first of them to go should be Sir Howard Norbolt, the Minister for Economics—Sir Howard, who "fiddles with his tie-pin while England burns," and who is determined that Peter Scribe shall not be promoted. Jane Scribe is worried about the revolution, but quite agrees about Sir Howard—an abominable old man, who has the effrontery to hate Peter.

Colin Norbolt also agrees. He is a leading light in Young Phœnix—the "children's branch"—and he regards his father as a menace. The old must go. And go they do—or rather, he does. The abominable old man is found dead of hyoscine poisoning. His doctor rushes to Crossfield—that sinister though lovely house—the same night. There can be no doubt it was murder. And the motive was Phœnix; Sir Hilary has no doubt of that. He suspects Peter, and thinks it will be fun to play Sherlock Holmes. Peter is quite sure that it was Colin, and very wretched. Jane is sure it wasn't Colin, and still more wretched. And Phœnix, careless of the dead, marches on. . . . I hardly know if this book was meant to be exciting. It isn't; it's not exciting enough. But what it lacks in thrill it makes up in elegance. Miss Frankau is always deft and witty; Peter, though tiresome, is extremely witty; Jane Scribe is charming. Few novelists have such a keen and sympathetic eye, or so light a hand.

MRS. WALTER ELLIOT, *wife of the Minister of Health, is the Chairman of the London Committee of the Women's Land Army. Here she is signing-on* MISS JOAN WEST, *who has come all the way from British Columbia to join this important National Emergency Service. Mrs. Elliot was Miss Katharine Tennant.*

MRS. ROMILLY JOHN, *who writes as Katherine John, has been contributing The Literary Lounger to "The Sketch" for the past week or two, and is the author of the article in this week's issue. Her new biography of the ill-fated son of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie, "The Prince Imperial," is published this week. She and her husband, who is a son of Augustus John, the great artist, wrote "Lodgers in Sweden" together; and Mr. Romilly John is the author of "The Seventh Child" and of a book of poems.*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT *(left; leaning back in his swivel chair) is shown addressing a gathering of U.S.A. newspaper reporters on the subject of the European crisis. The President has been doing all he can in the cause of Peace. It will be remembered that on April 14 he addressed a personal appeal to Herr Hitler; and ten days ago he sent appeals to the Führer and to the President of the Polish Republic, urging them to resolve their differences by direct negotiation, arbitration or mediation. It is possible that in the event of war the much-discussed U.S.A. Neutrality Act might be reconsidered.*

### Jamaican Scene.

Lightness of touch is a virtue unknown to Mr. Makin; he writes a bold and flaming journalese, in superb defiance of grammar rules. You don't need to be a purist to shudder at him, and I advise the sensitive to begin this volume, "Caribbean Nights," at Chapter Two. Otherwise they might not read on—and that would be a pity, for he's worth reading. He spent a twelvemonth in Jamaica, founding a newspaper and collecting news and seeing life. He was in time for the riots. He made a study of "peculiar cults" and voodoo. He went everywhere, picked up odd stories by the dozen, and wormed his way into a variety of queer corners. Only a journalist could have gathered information so fast, or been so valiant and eclectic in pursuit of it, and this is everyone's chance to learn about the West Indies.

The account would be grim, if the writer's manner were less exuberant. There seems no hope for Jamaica. It is a miserable island—an isle of plenty, yet on the dole. Almost one-third of its people are unemployed, and things are bound to get worse. Squalor has a luxuriance unknown in our climate. The blacks are ignorant and starving, and many of the whites have no gospel but "Shoot 'em down." Those who want to help are at a loss what to do. Yet "anything will grow in Jamaica"; and the Jamaican negro is very simple-hearted, easy to lead, and (as you can see by his proverbs) not at all stupid. He has a wonderful sense of rhythm; he is a born singer, and a natural poet. Have we done our best for him? It's impossible not to ask, and impossible (I think) to feel a clear conscience.

However, "Caribbean Nights" has no moral, and is by no means gloomy. I liked it best on "peculiar cults," but there is some good stuff about a hurricane—and, in fact, you can take your choice. It's all there, and made the most of; and though the author's style is as unrestrained as a Pocomania meeting, he knows his job.

### Murder in Texas.

"Mum's the Word for Murder" is the kind of story you expect to be tough. (The scene is Texas, and the sleuth is tall and rugged, with a square jaw.) But it isn't tough, and it will probably surprise you in other ways. The killer advertises his crimes beforehand in the *Free Press*, and leaves his card afterwards; he signs "Mum." He may be a lunatic, or he may be trying to hide one motivated crime in a heap of corpses. At any rate, he kills punctually at the time and place appointed, and can't be stopped. I always like a series of murders, and this one has a novel solution which is also a bright idea. The manner is pleasant and straightforward.

K. JOHN.

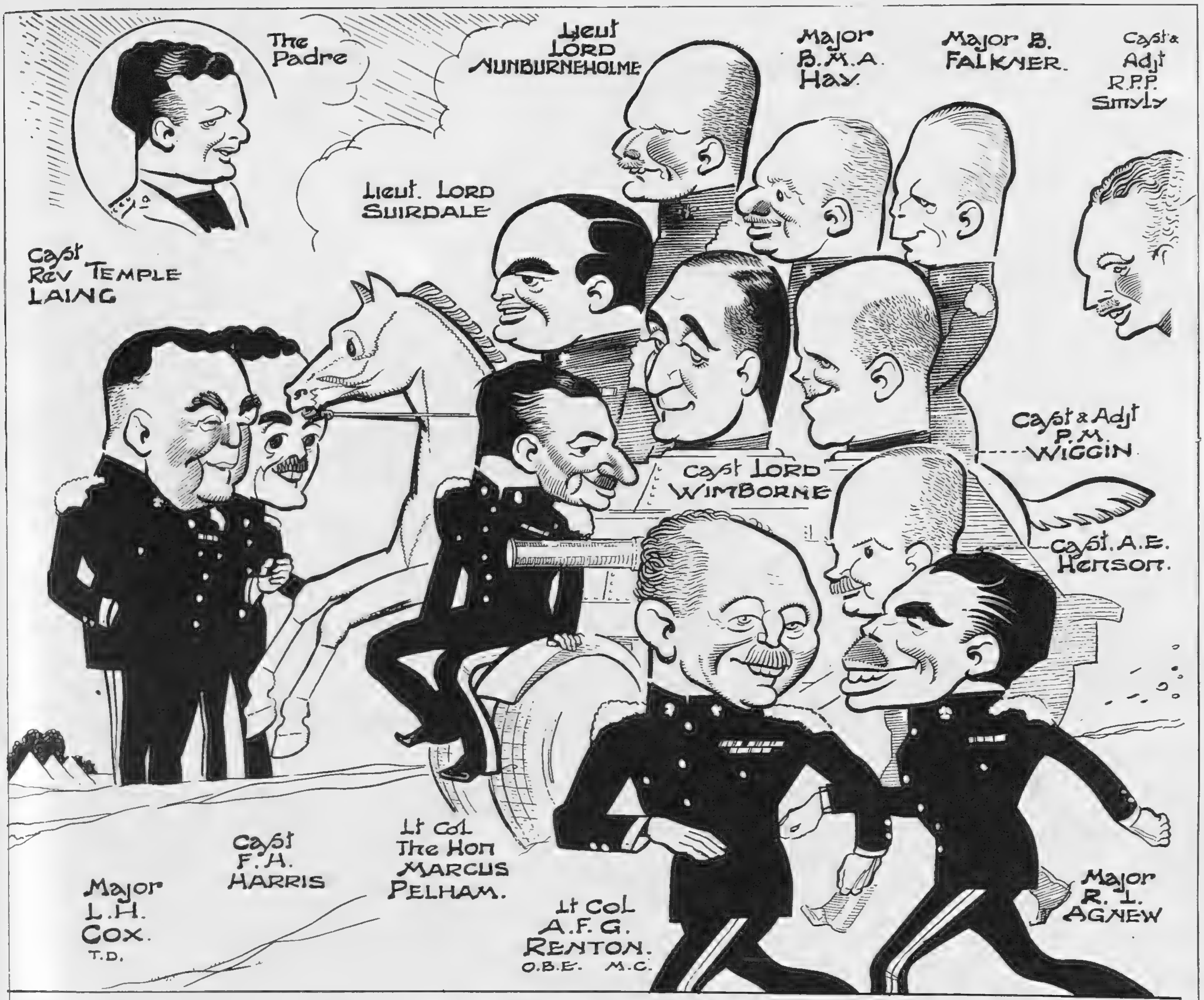
**BOOKS REVIEWED.**

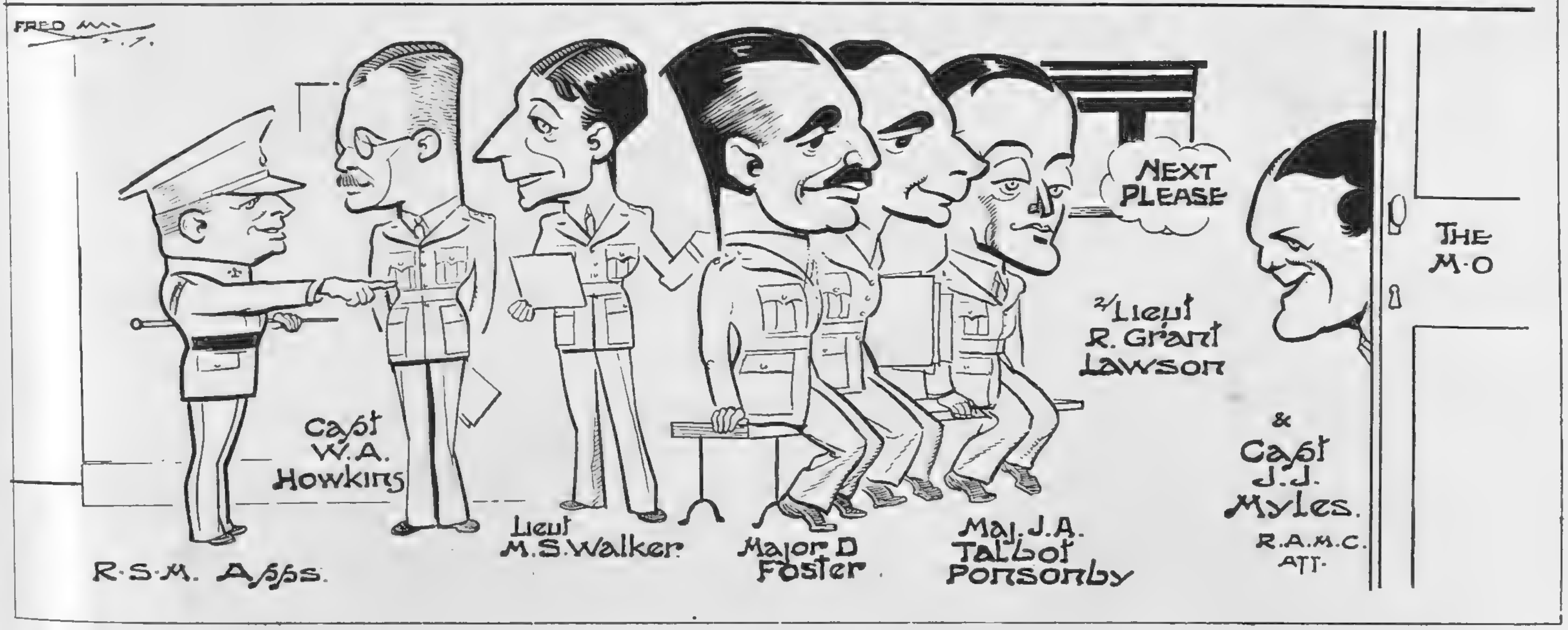
Gentleman of Stratford. By John Brophy. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)

A Democrat Dies. By Pamela Frankau. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)

Caribbean Nights. By William J. Makin. (*Robert Hale; 12s. 6d.*)

Mum's the Word for Murder. By Asa Baker. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)




# OFFICERS OF THE 1st AND 2nd NORTHAMPTONSHIRE YEOMANRY.

*The* NORTHAMPTONSHIRE YEOMANRY *was founded in 1794, and has been disbanded and re-formed on various occasions, being finally re-formed as a Royal Imperial Yeomanry after the Boer War. During the European War, the Northamptonshire Yeomanry served in France and Italy. After peace was restored it was converted into the 25th (Northamptonshire Yeomanry) Armoured Car Company, Royal Tank Corps. In November 1938 the Regimental status was restored. The 1st Regiment is commanded by Lt.-Col. A. F. G. Renton, O.B.E., M.C., and the 2nd by Lt.-Col. the Hon. Marcus Pelham.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

# HOODED WOMEN

A CLEAR bright green duvetyn - finished cloth is used for this classically simple top-coat, with its mitred waist that so clearly suggests the corseted influence that has swept through the winter collections, its skirt gored to give the new back fullness, and its straight wide sleeves. It buttons to the waist, and in movement parts to show the suit over which it is worn.

BURBERRY

And here it is. A cheviot-finished tweed suit that has a body-hugging jacket and an unusually flattering skirt with ruched-up seams rayed from the hips at the front.

Obviously the sort of outfit in which to shop, to travel, and to pay formal country visits. Gay in colour, conservative in line.

# The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

HARRODS

JOHN EVERARD

PHOTOGRAPHED above is the bargain of the year. A natural-coloured camel-hair and wool coat, its hood lined with a brilliant tartan. Its casual air is a complete triumph, for all the fullness is swept to the front, and the belt is knotted at the waist.

If you happen to prefer your country coat in any of the new bright shades, you can substitute emerald green, Persian blue, or a conservative navy for the natural colour.

The price, miraculously, is only 5½ guineas, and you can have this coat made in pastel colours to order. It comes from Harrods.

There is not the slightest doubt about hoods. They have come to stay because they have the double advantage of being divinely comfortable and extremely flattering.

Most of them are brightly lined this autumn, for the inside of your coat is going to be quite as important as the outside. Besides, a touch of colour is a great help when it is near the face.

Here is Harrods grey Krimmer fabric coat lined with an exultant scarlet. It hangs loosely, and is sufficiently capacious to cover any suit with grace. It is yours for seven and a-half guineas.

# FOLLOWING THROUGH.

## By SANDY BUNKER.

FOR various reasons, one of which is obvious, there was little or no comment about the selection of eight of the ten players who will travel to the United States next month to contest the Ryder Cup match in Florida next November. Apparently the selection committee escaped the customary criticism under the cloak of other international affairs. The eight golfers nominated are James Adams, Richard Burton, Henry Cotton, Sam King, D. J. Rees, Alfred Padgham, Charles Whitcombe, and Reginald Whitcombe. Now who could quarrel with that as a nucleus of a team capable of recovering the trophy which we lost two years ago? James Adams has worked very hard for the place that he earned by being runner-up for the Open Championship two years in succession. Like a great many others, I think that Adams should have been given a place in the team two years ago, and to those who say that his tournament performances this year do not justify his selection the obvious reply is that Adams has been so terribly keen on catching the eye of the selectors, and thus passing a very important milestone in his career, that he has not been able to do himself justice. But a golfer who sacrifices physical comforts, trains in early morning before his day's work begins, and who is, indeed, a fine player, deserves his place in the British side which, hitherto, I must say, has been somewhat lacking in keenness to win the match. Among those already chosen, Adams is the only man who has never before played for Britain against America, and if I know anything about this man, with the longest swing in golf, he will do his utmost to prove that his selection was not a mistake.

MISS RUTH ELDER GILLESPIE, *the aviator, enjoys playing on the sporting course of the Catalina Country Club at Santa Catalina.*

MRS. JIMMY FIDLER *and* MRS. RUBY KEELER JOLSON, *wife of Mr. Al Jolson, have been playing a serious round at the Catalina Country Club. Here they are totting-up their scores.*

**An Unselfish Sportsman.** As for the others, they were more or less obvious selections. Poor Dick Burton, the Open Champion, is having a most miserable time just now, because he is suffering from an affliction which attacks most of us at times—a complete lack of form. It is all very well to win a tournament occasionally, but when a player becomes Open Champion, every shot he plays must be a champion's shot or it is a bad one. The Open Championship title is an extremely difficult one to live up to, and, at the moment, the Champion's crown is a heavy burden to Burton. But, in any event, he had to be selected: it would have been an insult to our Champion, and also to our opponents, to leave him out of the team. The other players, as I have said, select themselves. It is a pity that Charles Whitcombe has decided that he cannot make the journey. Charles is a match for any man, but only when it is a match to his liking. Golf in the United States is a trial to him. I recall how he was taken to hospital in an ambulance after one Ryder Cup match played in an American heat-wave. It was a near thing as to whether he would ever play again in big golf. The climate and the food do not suit him, and golfers owe their thanks to a man who is such an unselfish sportsman that, to use his own words, he prefers "to make way for a better man." The British team is poorer for the man who has captained it since 1931, but Cotton can carry the cloak of authority with equal dignity. Cotton has taken his task very much to heart, and apart from his own contribution to the golfing strength of the side, he can weld the team together into a powerful fighting force.

**The Last Three Places.** There are three places to fill, now that Charles Whitcombe will not yield to persuasion. One of these will no doubt be reserved for the winner of the *News of the World* tournament—the unofficial "match-play championship," due to take place next week at St. George's Hill, Weybridge. But it is rather hazardous to rely upon the achievements in one tournament, although I agree that the man who can first qualify by stroke-play and then win through the strong field by matches would undoubtedly be a valuable asset to the side. However, I cannot see why Alfred Perry's name has been omitted. No doubt he will be included, even though this doughty match-fighter may not win at Weybridge—although I feel fairly confident that he will give a good account of himself there.

**Professionals Can Help.** I am writing this in Scotland, and therefore cannot help hearing patriotic claims from the home of golf about their own golfers. Adams is the only Scot in the side, and I fear may be the only Scottish player selected. But, as I told my critic, Scotland cannot hope for representation in Britain's side when professional golf is so heartily discouraged there. I know of clubs, quite important clubs, in Scotland where there is no professional employed. There are clubs where the steward or caddie-master sells golf balls and other requisites to members, the club taking the meagre profits, rather than employ a professional; while those who are "fortunate" enough to get jobs as professionals at Scottish clubs must be prepared to accept scant reward for their services, three-and-sixpence a round being considered handsome remuneration at clubs whose names are world-famous. It is not surprising, therefore, that the ambition of a Scottish professional is to get a job at an English club. In the circumstances, as I was careful to explain to my companion, it is not surprising that, in spite of the cost of golf being comparitively negligible in Scotland, so that it is almost within the reach of everybody, the home of the Royal and Ancient game produces so few players who make names for themselves in national golf.

MISS WENDY BARRIE *is a keen golfer, and here posed to the camera with her clubs, on her own front lawn, wearing a silk jersey frock printed with an old-world "wall-paper" pattern of roses on a black-barred ivory ground. Her latest film, R.K.O. Radio's "Five Came Back," was recently produced at the New Gallery.*

*The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated* **Sporting and Dramatic** *News; Every Friday.*

# Reading is only next best TO SEEING

SOUTH AFRICA has her fair share of "Travel" books. Their interest is undeniable, but tantalisingly they offer only the shadow for the substance. He would be a genius indeed who could enchain in words the beauties of the country-side or describe adequately the breathless interest of a trip through the game sanctuaries.

South Africa must be visited—not read about. Her mysterious allure defies the spoken and printed word, yet never fails to make an indelible impression on all those who enter her hospitable borders.

Fast modern liners now make the voyage in less than two weeks: other vessels, which call at ports on the way, take 16 to 19 days. Inclusive steamer and hotel bookings can be completed in London at costs to meet individual requirements.

Consult the Government Travel Bureau, South Africa House, London, W.C.2; or obtain detailed information from any of the principal Travel Agencies. Quotations will be given without any obligation whatever.

*See the wonders of*

# SOUTH AFRICA

# CITY NOTES.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"WE thought we were broke to the wide," The Jobber recalled. "Never expected to get through Nineteen-Fourteen after the balloon went up. It was like coming to the end of all things. Yet here we are."

"Yes, but you can't really compare that crisis and this," The City Editor protested. "The aircraft developments have changed everything so completely."

"He 's right about that, you know," The Engineer concurred. "If war seemed impossible then, it looked ten times more so in this present year of grace."

"I was a bull of Shells and Dunlops, I remember," said The Merchant. "And from some unfathomable instinct, I kept them both. Wish I could make as much money out of something to-day as I did out of those two things. Lor' ! "

He closed his eyes, and leaned back, a beatific expression on his rugged features.

"We never supposed the war would last four years, or cost what it did—in lives and money. Another war would be a quicker affair, I should say."

"Nobody wants to test it——"

"How about Hitler ? "

"I think," said The Broker, "that we have over-civilised ourselves. Two or three hundred years ago, you wouldn't have allowed one man to oppose his will to the wishes of millions of other people."

"And get away with it."

"And get away with it, as you say. He would have been locked up in a padded cell. I 'm not too sure about the padded part of it, either."

"Nowadays we permit him to terrorise the world."

"That 's a bit too strong. You can't exactly stand in terror of a blighter like that, even if he has turned everything upside down."

"I 've been working for twenty-two years——" The Engineer began bitterly.

"So have we all, more or less, except our young friend who was called up last week——"

"He 's got a wife and two small kids," The Merchant remarked. "Rotten luck on chaps like him, isn't it ? And he is one of many thousands. Is anyone looking after his business, I wonder ? "

"Don't you worry," The Broker reassured him. "I 'd like to be doing more business for him, but his clients are like everyone else. Still, he has had a few orders in gold shares, I 'm glad to say."

"What is the brokerage on gold shares ? "

"The same as it is on other shares. Depends upon the price, you know. Over five shillings and up to fifteen, it 's three-ha'pence a share. Over fifteen shillings and up to thirty bob, threepence a share. And so on according to the price."

"Threepence commission at, say, fifteen-and-threepence sounds pretty steep to me."

"To me, too," The Broker readily acknowledged. "But at thirty shillings, it 's not excessive."

"And you have to give half of that away, don't you, if your order comes through a banker ? But you knock off something for expenses when you return half the brokerage ? "

"I wish we could ! The bank receives half the full commission ; the Public Trustee and the solicitor get back a third of the commission on business they introduce ; the half-commission man wants his whack. We live on the loss there is on what 's left after paying expenses——"

"And buy yourselves gold shares with the balance, eh ? Seems to me the older companies ought to put up their dividends, now that gold is at a record price."

"The companies crush a lower grade of ore, intending to lengthen their lives. That 's why they don't increase the dividends."

"I can't see why," The Jobber confessed. "As it happens, I hold a few Modders——"

"Which yield over twenty per cent. on the dividends the Company is now paying. But the life of the mine is only seven years, you know, and the profits may go down towards the end of the time."

"I 'd risk that for the sake of having better dividends while gold is so high. Give me my share of the profits while the going 's good. Hitler would order them to cough it up, I bet."

"They tell me he made a profit of a million out of his book 'Mein Kampf.' "

"A million marks ? "

"No fear. Sterling. Wonder what he did with it ? "

"Put it into Yankees, for a guess. Or do you think he bought a few hundred million Russo-Asiatics ? "

"With an equal number of English Stockings to go with them, eh ? Both about the same price of a few ha'pennies, aren't they ? "

"He ought to buy the gold shares like Modders. Short-lived and high yields."

"What do some of them pay ? " asked The Merchant.

"You can get 15 to 19 per cent. from Langlaagte Estate, Van Ryn Deep, Wit. Deep, Geldenhuis Deep——"

"There 's no guarantee that the companies will keep up their present dividends."

"If you knew they would do that, you wouldn't be able to get the shares at anything like to-day's prices."

"In other words, it 's a gamble. We old-fashioned folk prefer something that 's more of a mining investment. Ashanti ; or Great Boulder Proprietary ; or some of the Indian mines."

"Not Kaffirs ? "

"Oh, yes ; let them all have a chance of making our fortunes. I 'm sure we deserve it, after the harrowing times we 've gone through lately."

The Jobber laughed. "You 're almost tempted to sell a bear of insurance shares, aren't you ? The crisis must have shortened the average expectation of life, and to that extent it may react upon insurance profits."

"A Heath Robinson of finance—that 's what you are," The Broker testily told him. "I wonder what next you 'll say ? "

"If you want to hear, I shall say that banking and insurance shares are about as sound an investment as you 're likely to want for your duration."

"Better than gold shares ? " queried The Engineer.

"You can't compare the two classes. They 're entirely different. Poles apart, so to speak."

"Poor old Poland ! " The Merchant sympathised. "I 've been up many a pole myself, but never such a greasy one as Hitler hoisted in Danzig. I wonder what 's going to be the ultimate end of it all."

"You and I can do very little about it, one way or the other," replied The City Editor. "So we just carry on as well as we can, and hope for the best."

"Thankful that we 're not quite so broke as we all thought we were in Nineteen-Fourteen. At that time, I took the cash bonus on an endowment policy I had. It was one of the many most foolish things I 've constantly done in my life."

"Cheer up," said The Jobber. "You are going to have plenty more chances, and you will do even more foolish things. In the meantime, and by way of exception, you should advise your clients to help themselves to any of the good gold shares, to Shell Transport——"

"Oil must turn out a winner," The City Editor agreed.

"Gas Light and Coke, P. & O. deferred, Stewarts and Lloyds ; good rubber shares——"

"Are there any ? " asked The Merchant ironically.

"There 's Golden Hope. We could all do with a bit more of that."

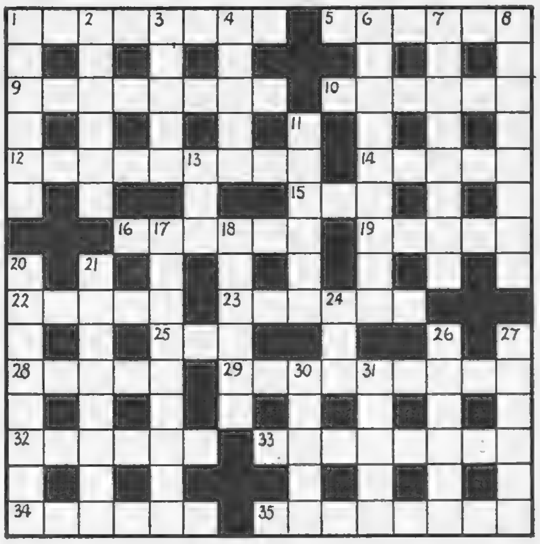
"No market in the shares, is there ? "

"Well, how about Courage ? Forget about Shells and Tanks and War ; and go for something purely and perfectly peaceful."

"Have you ever been in the Stock Exchange Reading Room, Brokie," his fellow member asked, "at about two o'clock on a warm afternoon ? "

*Friday, Sept. 1, 1939.*

## OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



**ACROSS.**

1. Rather derisive epithet for a member of the staff (two words ; 5 and 3).
5. Cars are : do this for what pages often are (6).
9. Lost vigour, the Communist ending it (8).
10. One might say that this composer knew something about French polish (6).
12. Game of golf to pass as handwriting (hyphen ; 5 and 4).
14. What the sapper has often done (5).
15. Comes into view (3).
16. Elaborate origin of a tenor (6).
19. Got up (5).
22. Is this muscular trouble the result of carrying a whole sheep ? (5).
23. Blue, but it must start with a horse of another colour (6).
25. Lizard (3).
28. A French spa that might become quite naïve (5).
29. Official who is part priest, part N.C.O. (9).
32. Even the boot-boy objects to this epithet, and certainly all its first half do (6).
33. " Priced differently," the customer perhaps observed (8).
34. When an instrument winds up water down (6).
35. Made a firm offer ? Though with a painful head (8).

**DOWN.**

1. Look out ! (6).
2. Crafty (6).
3. When is a golf-ball like a horse ? When it this (5).
4. Where rises the dust of conflict (5).
6. Maple here possibly but only for a day (9).
7. Maturity (8).
8. Sound as a bell (hyphen ; 4 and 4).
11. How, when and where (6).
13. Layer no wise man would bet with (3).
17. Nearly all about to write Brown expressing regret (9).
18. Wants an ant to put it on the other side of the world (6).
20. If she did so, was it from pain or laughter ? (8).
21. Sensible, but you have to make allowance (8).
24. Proof that the wasp's sting is in its tail ? (3).
26. Bunkers have no terror for him (6).
27. Does a deal better than he did in the slump (6).
30. A riddle with no answer (5).
31. Stag found in Iceland (5).

Don't be vague
ask for
Haig
NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE
Obtainable also in Small Sizes
BOTTLED BY JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD DISTILLERS MARKINCH SCOTLAND
JOHN HAIG & Co. LTD.
Owning Haig & Haig Ltd
DISTILLERS MARKINCH, SCOTLAND
GOLD LABEL
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
HAIG & CO. LTD
HAIG & HAIG LTD
MARKINCH SCOTLAND
Old Blended Scotch Whisky
Specially Selected and Matured
Dimple Scots
HAIG
in every HOME

# MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

QUITE a new idea was put forward recently by Mr. Palmer Phillips, Sales Director of the Vauxhall concern, who suggested that people did not buy 8-h.p. cars because they were enamoured of cars in that horse-power category, but because the first cost of such vehicles was all that they could afford. He argued that if people could get a 10-h.p. car which cost no more, when new, than an 8-h.p. luxury model, they would prefer the larger-engined car. Accordingly, the latest Vauxhall "Ten" is not only longer and wider than its predecessors, so that it rivals the average "Twelve" in accommodation, but it actually costs no more than a first-class 8-h.p. car.

The new Vauxhall "Ten," in standard four-door saloon form, costs only £159. It is a thoroughly good-looking job, the foundation

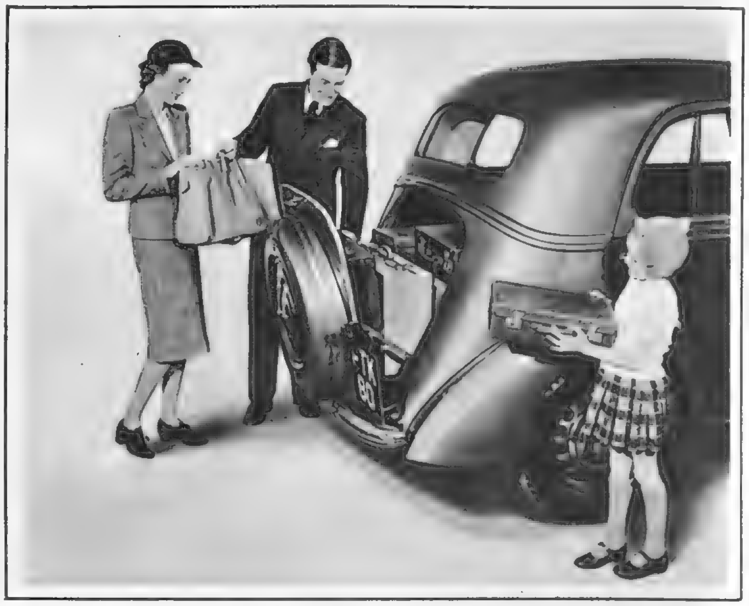
*This pre-crisis sunshine snapshot shows the* 25-H.P. WOLSELEY DROP-HEAD COUPÉ *belonging to Mr. W. M. W. Thomas at Cabourg, Normandy, where he spent his holiday.* MRS. THOMAS *and* MISS THOMAS *are seen in the picture.*

being the all-steel integral construction of chassis and body in one, which gives greater strength with lightness and prevents the development of creaks and rattles. The amazing thing is that the new Vauxhall "Ten," although a larger car in every way, will still do its forty miles per gallon at ordinary cruising speeds. And not only is the first cost very low, but the petrol bills are astonishingly small for a car with this passenger-carrying capacity. Summed-up briefly, the chief features of the new Vauxhall "Ten" are extra roominess, the rear seat being 4 in. wider between the arm-rests, and improved appearance, due to a longer bonnet, bigger front wings, a new instrument panel, and so on. Then there is more luggage-space, because the spare wheel is carried outside the lid of the locker, while the petrol-filler pipe has been altered so that it does not interfere with putting the cases away. The independent springing, which adjusts itself to any road surface and prevents undue rolling on bends, has been improved by modifications to the shock-absorbers, while the two thermostats in the cooling system enable the engine to be ready for anything within less than half a mile of leaving the garage even in the coldest weather.

The double-ignition control, too, is a good feature, for it automatically adjusts the spark-timing to suit all conditions. Some of the features are, of course, thoroughly well tried out and well known to Vauxhall enthusiasts. There is the crank-case ventilator, which extracts harmful fumes before they can do any damage. Then there is the compensated voltage control, which gives exactly the charge needed by the battery and prevents the bubbling-away of the fluid. Body-conformity seating gives comfort on the longest journey and holds the passengers in the healthiest position, while the No-Draught ventilation, with simplified controls and windows made to lock, prevents the car ever getting stuffy inside. Two final points are the mechanically operated windscreen wipers, which are driven direct from the engine, and easy maintenance, for there are only a dozen oil-gun nipples to attend to.

The Vauxhall "Ten" has a maximum speed of about 60-65 m.p.h., but comparatively few drivers nowadays regard speed itself as being of great importance. They do pay attention, however, to acceleration. It may be said, for instance, that for every driver who wants to do 60 m.p.h. for long periods there are a dozen who are quite happy to spin along at 40-50 m.p.h.,; but you want to get up to this speed *quickly*. You want to be able to nip in and out of traffic and climb any reasonable hill without loss of speed. In the Vauxhall "Ten," high speed and really snappy acceleration are happily combined, and this roomy little car will reach 50 m.p.h. from a standstill in only 24 seconds. The three-speed gear-box, with Vauxhall-controlled synchromesh on second and top, gives even brighter acceleration figures if used intelligently. Two things I like about the Vauxhall "Ten" are the ease of getting in and out and the amount of head-room in the rear compartment. Incidentally, with the lid of the rear boot extended rearwards, it is astonishing how much luggage can be put in without the fear of any of it falling off or out.

The same policy of giving "better motoring for less money" pervades the whole of the Vauxhall range. The higher-powered models have been reduced in price so that the dreaded next year's tax of 25s. per horse-power becomes less alarming in prospect. The famous Vauxhall "Fourteen," for example, which is a really luxurious car, has been reduced in price to only £220, while the big luxury saloon on the 25-h.p. Vauxhall chassis sells at only £330, though it has a maximum speed of 80 m.p.h. and can accelerate from a standstill to 50 m.p.h. in 13·2 seconds. Although



*For 1940 the* VAUXHALL "TEN" *is an exceptionally roomy "ten"; and yet the price has been reduced. The new model is longer and wider, has a more imposing bonnet and bigger front wings. Appearance has also been improved by moving the spare wheel from inside to outside the lid of the luggage boot, a change which increases luggage space. Though it is larger, the petrol consumption is still that famous 40 m.p.g. In brief, the New Vauxhall "Ten" is a four-cylinder engine which gives a maximum speed of 60 m.p.h. The price has been reduced to £159 for the Standard saloon, and £169 for the de Luxe Saloon.*

large and luxurious, it is still economical and will do a genuine twenty miles to the gallon with normal driving. Mechanical features of this car include Vauxhall-controlled synchromesh on all forward gears, double safety hydraulic brakes, centrifugal clutch, infinitely variable independent springing, and six-phase carburation. The equipment is most lavish and includes a built-in car-heater and de-froster, so that in cold weather one can drive with all windows closed, yet get no frost or steam in the inside of the car. There are fog-lamps and a reversing light, twin wind-tone horns, the famous Vauxhall No-Draught ventilation, and so on. One model which I have omitted to mention so far is the Vauxhall "Twelve-Four," selling as a de luxe saloon at £185. It will do 35 m.p.g. with normal driving, has a top speed around 65 m.p.h., and very good acceleration.

*The new* AUSTIN "TWELVE," *by its elegant and ample proportions and practical design, is likely to prove one of the most popular products of the British motor industry. This is the sliding-head saloon, priced at £235.*

The ever-pleasant background
Player's Please
Everyday activities take on an added sense of contentment and happiness with the ever-pleasant background which is Player's.
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES "MEDIUM" OR "MILD" CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN . 20 for 1/0½d. 25 for 1/4d.

# THERE'S A WEALTH OF ENTERTAINMENT IN "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE"

A large number of the informative diagrammatic drawings, chiefly by that well-known artist G. H. Davis, which have been published from time to time in THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, are now available in collected form in a special 32-page publication entitled "**INSIDE KNOWLEDGE.**" This will appeal to all who want to know the inner workings of things which the majority of us see only from the outside. Many of these interesting sectional drawings are reproduced as panoramas, **EACH MEASURING OVER THREE FEET WIDE.** They show British warship types —a Battleship, a Cruiser, a Flotilla-Leader, a Submarine, and an Aircraft-Carrier— and there is a centre-piece showing the R.M.S. "Queen Mary." You will find "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE" to be of absorbing interest, and it would make an ideal present for a boy or a girl at home or overseas.

*BOUND IN A "LEATHER FINISH" COVER (20½" × 14½") PRICE 3/6 (By Post: Inland 4/3; Foreign and Eire 4/6)*

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**THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 32, ST. BRIDE ST., LONDON, E.C.4**

## ACHTUNG, HAWKINS! ACHTUNG!

"I say, Hawkins, you might be more careful. You nearly had me over the banisters."

*"I'm very sorry, Sir. I had not anticipated your arrival in — er — one fell swoop, if I may coin a phrase. In fact, Sir, I didn't know you were up."*

"My good man, I've been up since cockcrow. The clocks were striking eight as I sprang from my Spartan box spring mattress."

*"Indeed, Sir."*

"Yes, Hawkins. Indeed! Indeed! Indeed! I suppose you think I ought to have a roaring headache?"

*"Well, Sir, now that you press me, you were out rather late last night."*

"Of course I was. Didn't get back till three. But I drank nothing but gin and Rose's. And now I'm feeling as fit as one of those culinary what's-its-names."

*"Trivets, Sir. I'm not surprised, Sir. Rose's Lime Juice possesses therapeutic properties which..."*

"Confound you, Hawkins. You know all the answers!"

Ask for GIN and ROSE'S. Short drink—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin. Long drink—add soda.

# SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

## Cannot grow again

**Looking at me now, with my clear, unblemished skin, who would ever guess that once I veiled my face to hide the hideous growths of ugly, disfiguring hair?**

Yet that is so. For years my life was a misery. As the young wife of an officer in India I suffered the agonies of shame. I had a distinct moustache, almost a beard. Nothing did me any good. Even the expensive painful electric needle brought nothing but a few days' relief. Always the ugly, disfiguring growths came back again stronger than ever on my face and body. Then, almost in a day, my clouds were lifted in a most amazing way. My husband saved the life of a humble Hindoo soldier. In his gratitude the Sepoy breathed to him the closely-guarded secret of the Hindoo religion, which keeps the women of that race free from any sign of superfluous hair. I tried it in desperation. From that day—now years ago—I have never seen a sign of superfluous hair. I watched for it daily for months, never daring to hope that it was gone for ever. But it was! I was cured completely. I was a normal woman again. Since then I have told many other sufferers of my experience and the secret recipe has brought joy and freedom. If you, too, suffer, let me help you. Let me tell you how I suffered, and let me pass on to you the secret that saved me. I shall gladly send it free if you will send me coupon below, or a copy of it, to-day, with your name and address, stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is that you send me three penny stamps to cover my outlay for postage, &c.—Address: Frederica Hudson (Row A.52), No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

**This Free Coupon**
or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 3d. stamps. Mrs. HUDSON: Please send me free your full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair. Address: Frederica Hudson (Row A.52), No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

*IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with every confidence to the above address, where she has been established since 1916.*

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*Aged .... Of Rare Mellowness · Subtle Bouquet · Distinctive ·*

**BY HOST · BY GUEST BY ALL PREFERRED!**

*Scotch* **WHISKY**

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*London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch—Messrs. Hedges & Butler, Ltd., Wine Merchants, 153, Regent Street, W.1.*

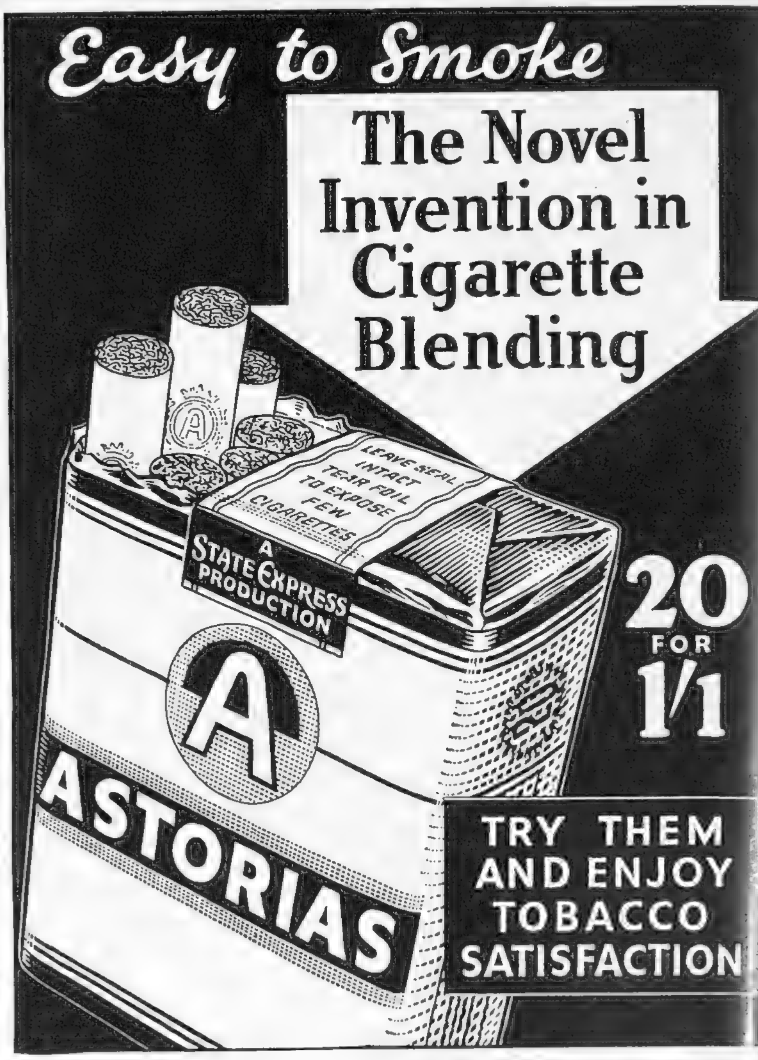
# Silent

The new Avon motor tyre offers several advantages. It provides unusually silent running allied to notable road-holding properties. Distinguished in appearance, it has the strength and durability to ensure satisfactory mileage. It is available in both Standard and Heavy Duty grades, while costing but five per cent. more.

AVON
THE ARISTOCRAT OF TYRES

THE AVON INDIA RUBBER CO. LTD. (ESTD. 1885), MELKSHAM, WILTS.

SYMBOLS OF ENDURANCE




The SPIRIT of 1790

In 1790 the game of Ecarté demanded skill, subtlety and appreciation; the same qualities, in fact, which were employed then as they are now in the distilling of so fine a spirit as Sandeman's Scotch Whisky.

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1940
MODELS & PRICES

| | |
|---|---|
| 10 *h.p. Saloon* | £275 |
| 10 *h.p. Coupe* | £285 |
| 12 *h.p. Saloon* | £300 |
| 12 *h.p. Sports Saloon* | £310 |
| 14 *h.p. Saloon* | £330 |
| 14 *h.p. Sports Saloon* | £340 |
| 14 *h.p. Drop-head Coupe* | £398 |
| 16 *h.p. Saloon* | £360 |
| 16 *h.p. Sports Saloon* | £370 |
| 16 *h.p. Drop-head Coupe* | £428 |
| 20 *h.p. Sports Saloon* | £425 |
| 20 *h.p. Drop-head Coupe* | £478 |

1940 Better cars at no increase in price. Year by year the Rover continues its steady advance in appearance, comfort and performance. Consider these latest improvements to " One of Britain's Fine Cars " :

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**Mr Can't: 'I'm a martyr to sleeplessness!'**

**Mr Can: 'That's because you're not a convert to Eno'**

**Sleepless nights!** Do *you* have them? Do you lie tossing and turning — waiting for a weary, heavy-eyed tomorrow? If you were Mr Can, taking your Eno regularly every day, insomnia would never trouble you. Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is so good for sleeplessness — simply because it keeps the system free from irritating poisons. Healthy folk don't have bad nights! Nor should you. Take Eno every morning. When you're restless, try a little *at night* too — and enjoy peaceful, dreamless repose. Eno costs only 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6 at all chemists.

**Eno's 'Fruit Salt'**

• The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trade marks

## THIRTEEN.

*(Continued from page 446.)*

"Ah!" said Mrs. Ainstey. She did not know that she would care to travel in a car which had an unlucky number like that.

"He went everywhere in that car, and so fast, too, I wonder he didn't kill himself time after time. When she said anything, my friend told me that he 'd pull her up and tell her that the devil always looks after his own, so that she gave up talking after a time and said nothing. Glum, my friend said; enough to depress any poor fellow."

"Yes, but he must have been a bit of a tartar to have as a husband," said Mrs. Ainstey. She herself saw more behind the story, for, after all, Mr. Ainstey could run her into debt, and she was always worried to death that he would come a cropper on that bicycle of his, when he wasn't quite "the thing."

Mrs. Bowler was now well away, and nothing in this world would stop her talking. "Always going to make a mint on the horses, or at the dogs. He gave away tips, too, and my friend put on a bit more than once, but she never got anything back. She hadn't got a lucky face, he said, and made a bit of fun over it. He was a one, if you like!"

"Horse-racing isn't no good ot," said Mrs. Ainstey with conviction.

"Oh, well, some makes money, some loses it. Everybody has to put up with something in marriage. It isn't a picnic for any of us, you 're telling me! On that night he took that car out, although she begged him not to go, but he was tiddly at the time. Oh, I know my friend never said nothing at the inquest: didn't like, you know. He was dead then, and you don't like to say anything against them then. Also, she couldn't see why the coroner wanted to ask such silly questions, but, as I told her, you know what coroners are! Born nosey! Nothing could bring the poor gentleman back, could it? So she didn't say nothing. He must have taken the lorry full on, they said. You could have put the rest of the car into a matchbox, as the saying is. All in little bits—ever such little bits, too. I don't suppose as how he knew much about it: he would have been killed right out. Not like drowning. Drowning 's very slow. I once had a lodger who had been nearly drowned—slipped into the Regent's Canal as he was coming back from the Prince Albert one evening. He said you saw all your past in a flash. I said it would take more than a flash to see some people's pasts, naming no names," and she looked round, and sniggered.

Mrs. Ainstey wondered if that was meant as a sly dig at her husband's little peculiarities, and she did not smile. She could see nothing to smile at.

"Shall you stay to have a good look at the wreaths, dear?" enquired Daisy Bowler a little more kindly. "They looked beautiful as they went past us, and it won't be very long now. They 're just coming away."

"She looks sad," said Mrs. Ainstey, "but not crying. Seems funny if there aren't no tears at a funeral. They say it isn't lucky if nobody cries at a funeral."

"Who 's it supposed to be lucky to? The corpse?" asked Mrs. Bowler somewhat tartly.

The sun had come out now radiantly, and filtered through the trees on to the golden hair of the widow. She was pale but quite composed, her eyes looking ahead of her, as though she saw there something which was mirage in a desert. She looked as though she were a woman who had suffered, and at last saw peace. She had looked like that at the inquest. Calm, after months of unrest.

Her father helped her into the mourning coach, and she settled herself composedly, unaware of the curious eyes which watched her before they went inside the churchyard to hang ghoulishly over the flowers. There came the sound of the car moving forward.

Her father said, "It 's all over at last"; and then, because she was so still, "What are you thinking of?"

She answered quite clearly. "I could not have stood one month more of that life—not one day more. I sound terrible, but thirteen always was my lucky number."

THE END.

# "Ethyl . . . has done much to make possible the amazing performance of the small car of to-day"

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

## *". . . and this is an amazing little car"*

*said the School of Motoring Instructor*

**ESSO ETHYL— THE PETROL THAT STOPS MUFFLED PINKING**

Horse-power basis of taxation in Great Britain makes for small engines of high-compression. Esso Ethyl is a vital necessity for *all high performance engines.* British small cars lead all over the world for value and have a performance which is little short of miraculous.

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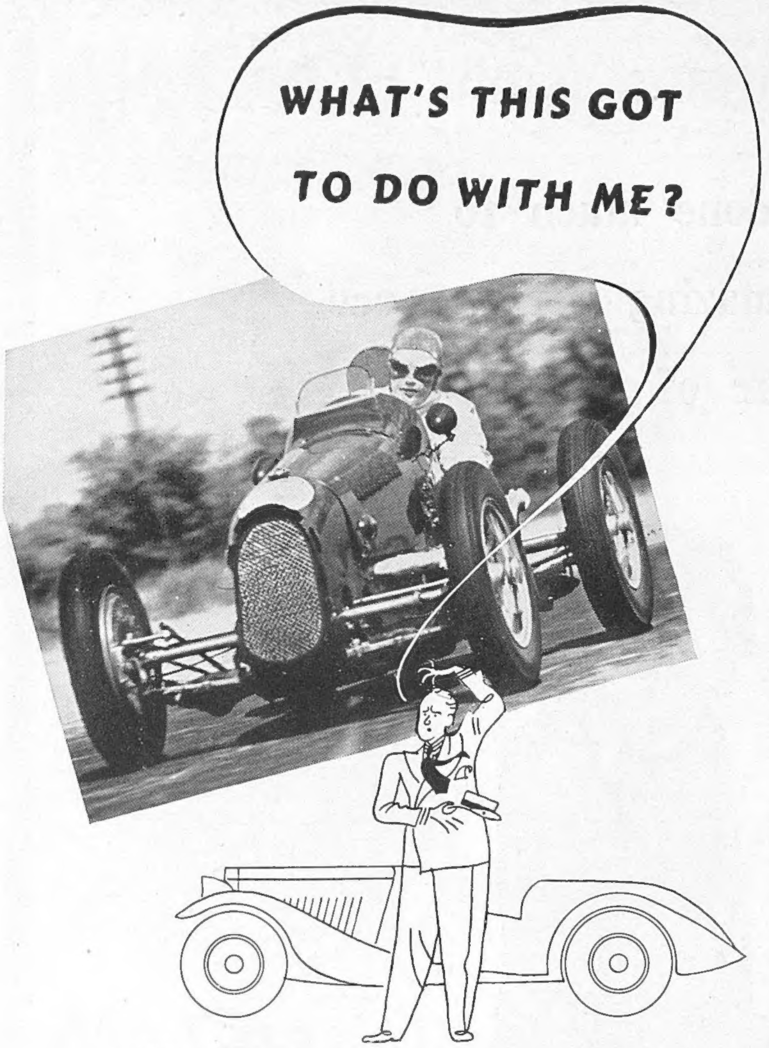
YOUR GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

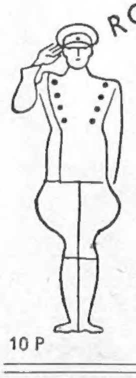
THE NEAREST THING TO FLYING

ESSO ETHYL




There's a clear stretch ahead . . . nothing in sight . . . your foot goes down . . . 50 . . . 60 . . . 70 . . . A grand feeling, but remember this — *you're asking just as much from that engine of yours as the race driver on the track.* If you, like most of us, at times drive hard and fast, your engine needs the extra protection of Price's Motorine with its all-important *fatty* oil ingredient. Motorine is a compound oil — a blend of mineral and fatty oils. That is why it stands up to terrific heat without breaking down. It gives your engine the utmost possible protection under *all* driving conditions. Use Motorine (it costs no more than other high-grade oils) — and you're *always* safe!

ROLLS-ROYCE HAVE ALWAYS USED



**PRICE'S MOTORINE**

THE 'OILIER' OIL

REMEMBER, MOTORINE IS RECOMMENDED OR APPROVED BY ROLLS-ROYCE, BENTLEY, MORRIS, AUSTIN, SINGER, VAUXHALL, LAGONDA, M.G., BUICK, WOLSELEY, ROVER

10 P


# TAKE OUR ADVICE

## YOU MUST SEE

### PLAYS

"UNDER YOUR HAT" (*Palace*). 8.15. *Jack Hulbert; Cicely Courtneidge. Plenty of wit; tuneful music. An excellent show.*

HERBERT FARJEON'S REVUE (*Little*). 9. *As near perfect as revue can be, thanks to glittering wit and deadly aim. Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard.*

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST" (*Globe*). 8.30. *Wilde's wise-cracking masterpiece revived with all-star cast and ultra-Naughty 'Nineties décor and costumes.*

### FILMS

"BEAU GESTE" (*Plaza*). *Famous melodrama of Foreign Legion returns in new vigorous version, with Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, and Robert Preston as the brothers.*

"LA FEMME DU BOULANGER" (*Berkeley Cinema*). *Fine French film in which racy study of Provençal village life forms background to tragi-comic story of a baker, played by Raimu.*

"DODGE CITY" (*Warner Theatre*). *Vivid picture of pioneer days in the wild and wicked West, starring Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland. Brilliant photography in Technicolor.*

"BACHELOR MOTHER" (*Gaumont, Haymarket*). *A gay comedy dealing with the complications which occur when Ginger Rogers finds a baby on a doorstep and David Niven helps her to look after it.*

### PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING

"BLACK AND BLUE" (*Hippodrome*). 6.30 and 9. *"Intimate rag." Frances Day; Vic Oliver.*

"DEAR OCTOPUS" (*Queen's*). 8.15. *Pleasant family-life comedy. Marie Tempest; Hugh Williams.*

"SITTING PRETTY" (*Prince's*). 8.15. *From Arctic to South Seas, from Wild West to harem, Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe and Vera Pearce conduct us on a laughter-making trip. Song, dance and sentiment gracefully supplied by Patricia Burke and Jack Donohue.*

"THE WOMEN" (*Lyric*). 8.30. *Group of spiteful New Yorkers satirised. Cast of forty women and spate of wisecracks.*

"THE DANCING YEARS" (*Drury Lane*). 8. *Novello's waltz-time operetta of pre-war Vienna. Mary Ellis; Roma Beaumont.*

"THE CORN IS GREEN" (*Duchess*). 8.30. *Sybil Thorndike and Emlyn Williams as teacher and protégé. Lots of fun, good cast.*

"SPOTTED DICK" (*Strand*). 8.30. *Hilarious new farce by Ben Travers. Alfred Drayton (Mr. Plumb) and Robertson Hare (Charlie Dick) in high form. Joyce Barbour as Mrs. Plumb in excellent cast. A fountain of laughter.*

"GROUSE IN JUNE" (*Criterion*) 8.40. *Scots and Yanks dig and dive for gold. Anglers and snobs meet gangsters in Scotland.*

### FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING

"YOUNG MR. LINCOLN" (*Leicester Square Theatre*). *Episodes in the early career of Abraham Lincoln, with Henry Fonda giving a carefully studied portrait of the small-town lawyer who was to become President.*

"LES DISPARUS DE ST. AGIL" (*Polytechnic Theatre*). *A thriller of French school life, seen from an unusual angle.*

"RETOUR À L'AUBE" (*Studio One*). *Danielle Darrieux as an "innocent abroad" who strays into adventure in Budapest.*

"LET US LIVE" (*Regal*). *Maureen O'Sullivan, Henry Fonda and Ralph Bellamy in a sombre story of two innocent men condemned to death through a miscarriage of justice.*

### A FILM ABOVE THE AVERAGE

"THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK" (*Odeon*). *Plenty of excitement in a new version of Alexandre Dumas' famous novel.*

*While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.*

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2; and Published Weekly at the Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Wednesday, September 6, 1939. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.

## BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCCXVIII.

THE VARIOUS STAGES OF BRIDGE.

IS Contract losing its grip? If so, it is but following the same course as did its predecessors. The original bridge game, which allowed but one bid for trumps, and at that only by dealer or his partner, *i.e.*, dealer named the trumps suit (or no-trump), or could say "I leave it to you, partner," when partner had to name the trumps suit, and that was the end of it, had a long life. Incidentally, I have always considered that game the best of all the subsequent variations. Next the spade suit was given two values—thus you could declare "Lilly" or "Royal" spades instead of just ordinary spades, and, strangely enough, in those days spades was the lowest valued suit. That variation never was popular and soon died out. Then came Auction as we all know it, and that game, of course, had a fine long innings—indeed, there is still a lot of Auction played in this country. Contract came next, and is still with us. Contract, I dare say, is (or was) the most popular of all the bridge games—this, in my opinion, simply because it *looks* a more gambling affair than Auction; it isn't really, but when you score in hundreds instead of tens, and have the chance of netting a 1400 penalty, or a slam of more or less the same value, it would seem that you are in on a pretty little gambling proposition; the actual results in both Auction and Contract are pretty well the same, and what difference there may be between the two is levelled up by making a cut in the stakes played for, and so the actual amount of cash that changes hands during a session at Contract or Auction is exactly the same thing. Despite, however, the great popularity of Contract, of late there have been attempts to make sundry variations—thus there was the idea of putting a fifth suit into the pack; this horrible idea, I, for one, am delighted to say, never made any headway; now there is a serious suggestion to bring all suits down to an equal bidding value; the suits will still hold priority for bidding—thus one spade will outbid one club, a heart one diamond, and so on; but their values will all be the same. This innovation, in my view, would kill the game right away—at least, so far as rubber bridge is concerned. Why? Simply because it would knock a large slice of the gambling element out of the game—it is a chance what suit you hold, and a chance is a gamble, so if you can score game with as many tricks in clubs as in spades or no-trumps, well, that bit of a gamble is gone, and, as I said above, it is the gambling proposition that makes Contract what it is; besides, the weaker players would have no chance at all—they have *some* chance if they are lucky enough to hold the major suits against the minor suits; that chance vanishes if the suits all have equal bidding values. It is said that these new values will be incorporated in the Laws of the Game which are to be brought out next year; many other alterations in the Laws are said to be decided upon already. This, of course, is but idle talk—it is, indeed, an impertinence, for nothing at all has been decided upon yet, nor can it be until the various card committees meet in conference next year to frame the International Laws of Bridge.

Here is a little five-card end-position from actual play—the denomination of the cards has, of course, been altered—

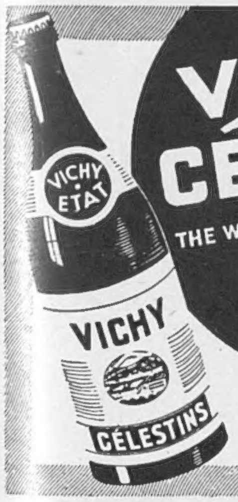
| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | SPADES—6.<br>DIAMONDS—10, 8, 7, 6.<br>B | |
| SPADES—10 4.<br>CLUBS—K, Q, 10. } Y | | Z { SPADES—3.<br>DIAMONDS—K, Q, 9, 5. |
| | A<br>SPADES—5.<br>HEARTS—8.<br>CLUBS—A, Kn, 9. | |

Spades are trumps. A to lead and make two tricks.

### SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, AUG 30.

ACROSS.—1. Glass. 6. Straw. 9. Epithet. 10. Sheen. 11. Apple. 12. Sheet. 13. Outlast. 16. Undue. 19. Twig. 20. All-Overish. 22. Pretension. 24. Neat. 25. Asset. 27. Obesity. 31. Anent. 33. Onset. 34. Ellen. 35. Enliven. 36. Yells. 37. Sites.

DOWN.—1. Gusto. 2. Alert. 3. Senna. 4. First Class. 5. Shoe. 6. Statute. 7. Roped. 8. Where. 14. Upwards. 15. Light. 17. Upstart. 18 Locomotive. 21. Rings. 23. Estates. 25. Agony. 26. Sisal. 28. Evens. 29. Islet. 30. Yanks. 32. Ells.



VICHY-CÉLESTINS
THE WORLD-RENOWNED NATURAL MINERAL WATER

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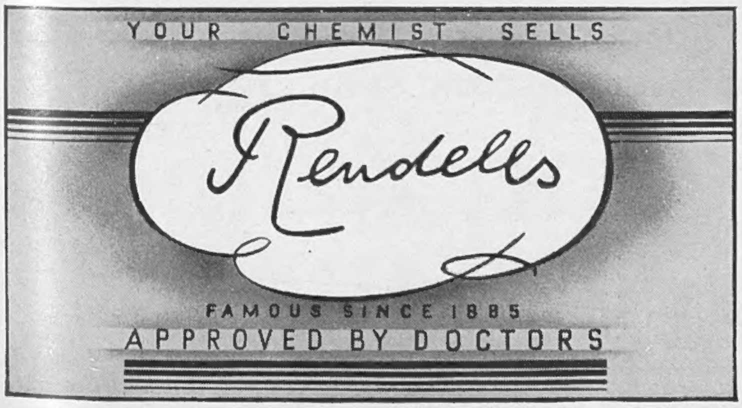


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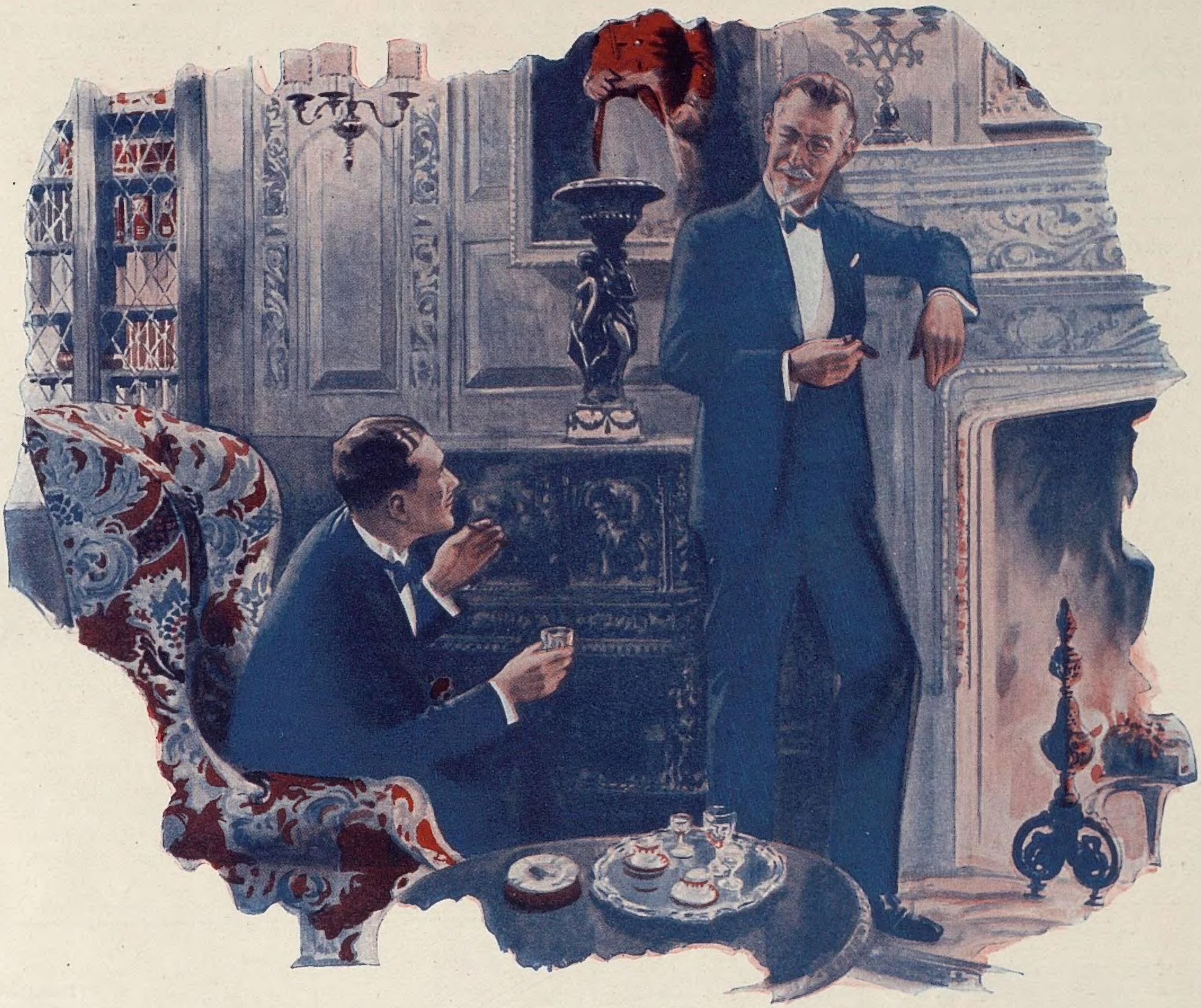

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